The Outlook

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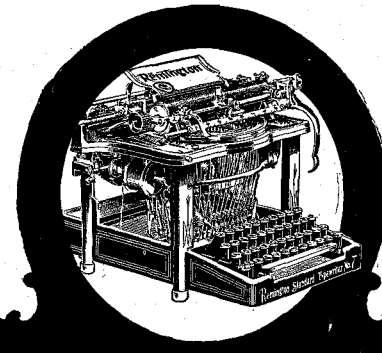

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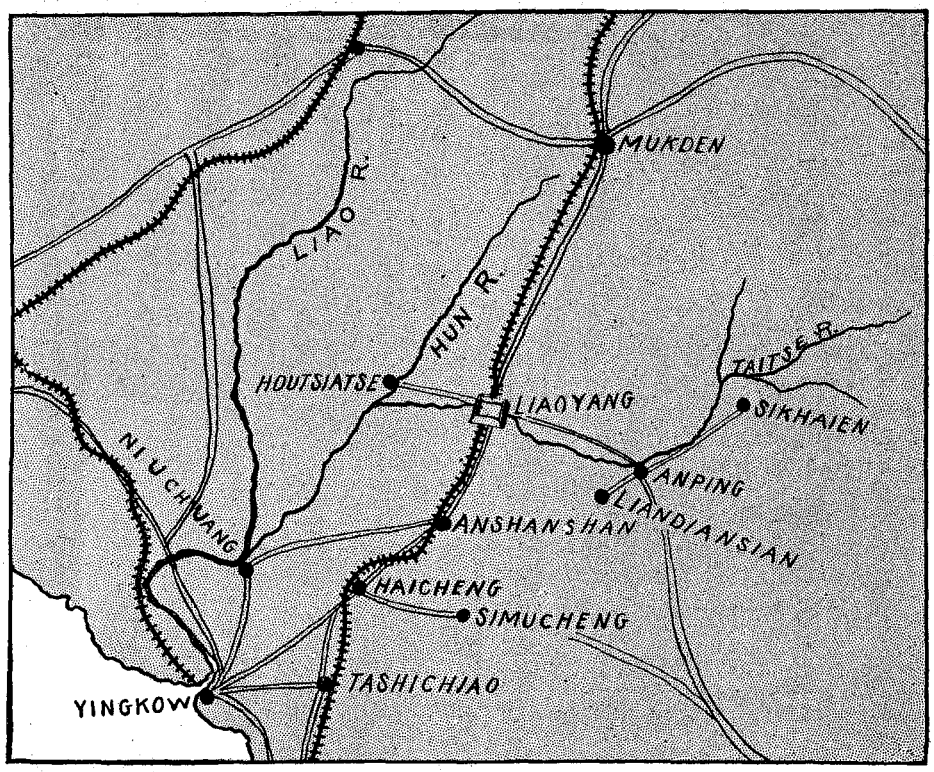
The Outlook

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1904

The Battle of Liaoyang

The battle, or series of battles, of last week around Liaoyang may be ranked among the decisive combats of the world's history. This tremendous conflict has been the long-awaited culmination of the Russo-Japanese war, and Russia's complete defeat would mean that for this year at least her attempt to conquer Japan is at an end. Whether Russia would then consent to the diplomatic intervention of the Powers, or would continue the war by attempting to place a second and larger army in Manchuria next year, remains to be seen. Some keen observers declare that Japan, in case of success, will be satisfied to stop her advance at Mukden (leaving the Russians in possession of Harbin), to blockade Vladivostok, hold the Manchurian railway and the country south of Mukden, maintain the coast and naval supremacy already gained, and defy Russia to take the aggressive. The weak point of this theory is that the continued possession of Harbin would give Russia the needed base for maintaining her forces as they come, during the winter, from European Russia. To understand the course of the battles of last week, it must be remembered that General Kuropatkin long ago chose the plains south of Liaoyang as the place where a general engagement should occur. For months he has had the most eminent living Russian engineer at work fortify-



LIAOYANG AND THE SEAT OF WAR

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ing the positions and making line after line of trenches and pitfalls. Toward this position the Russians have withdrawn as divisions of their forces have been outflanked and outfought, usually by superior numbers, at the Yalu on the southeast, and at Vafangkow, Kaiping, and Haicheng, on the line of the Mukden and Port Arthur railroad. It had been thought that the mountain passes south of Liaoyang might be desperately defended against Kuroki, but they were captured long ago with comparative ease by the Japanese, and it seems clear that General Kuropatkin deliberately chose to fight on the plains, with the fortified lines near Liaoyang at his back. One object was to utilize his superiority in cavalry. Gradually, as the three great armies under Generals Kuroki, Nodzu, and Oku have advanced northward in three nearly parallel lines, the Russians have concentrated, until by August 20 they had practically all their available forces in a semicircle south of Liaoyang. Just north of that walled town flows the Taitse River, running almost exactly in an easterly and westerly direction, and it played a most important part in the strategy of the battles. The total number of the forces engaged can only be estimated; it had been supposed that the combined Japanese armies greatly outnumbered the Russians, but Tokyo despatches assert that this is not the case; the total Russian force has been placed at from 150,000 to 220,000, that of the Japanese from 175,000 to 225,000; it is not improbable that in all 400,000 men were engaged. This would make the battle the greatest in modern history since Sedan, and the number is more than double that engaged at Gettysburg. The loss in life has been enormous, as the fighting was most desperately conducted on both sides and included hand-to-hand conflicts, artillery duels on an immense scale, and charges of cavalry. Hundreds of the Japanese, it is said, perished in hidden pitfalls, while many Russians were driven into the Taitse. One estimate of the loss from Tokyo, sent Saturday morning, placed the Japanese casualties at 20,000, the Russian at 30,000, but this is probably a mere guess.

The Course of the Battles

The actual fighting near Liaoyang was preceded by almost simultaneous attacks on the Russian positions at Anshanshan and Anping (see map), the former by General Nodzu, the latter by General Kuroki—Field-Marshal Oyama being in supreme command of the combined Japanese armies. From both places the Russians were dislodged and driven close to Liaoyang at or just before the beginning of last week. On Tuesday and Wednesday the attack was pushed with tremendous vigor; the great feature of these days' battles was the tremendous artillery duel, in which many hundreds of guns were engaged, while the firing at night is said to have been a marvelously impressive spectacle. The next day, apparently, Kuroki began a great flanking movement to the eastward, sending troops across the Taitse River twenty miles above Liaoyang, and attacking a place twelve miles northeast of that town called Heiyingtai. It became necessary for Kuropatkin to meet this movement, while at the same time his center and right (west) wing were attacked by the corresponding Japanese forces. In consequence the Russians began to retreat across the Taitse to the north bank on Thursday. St. Petersburg despatches attempted to show that this retreat was a strategical one to divide the Japanese and fight them in detail, but as Kuropatkin had been for three days trying to prevent the Japanese from crossing, the theory seemed untenable. On Saturday it was reported that the Russian center and right (west) were being driven back, and that General Kuroki from the northeast was striving to reach the railroad and block the retreat, while on the west another flanking movement was in progress. By Monday of this week it was evident that Kuroki's masterly turning movement was a complete success; that the Russians were in full retreat toward Mukden, having barely saved the forces of General Stackelberg from being cut off, and that the Japanese occupied Liaoyang. It is rumored also that Mukden is to be abandoned, that the Russian rear guard is being cut to pieces, and that the whole army is in danger.

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The Great War Game

Almost simultaneously with the greatest battle in thirty years takes place the greatest mimic war maneuvers of American troops. This week, on the historic battlefield of Bull Run, or Manassas as Southern historians prefer to call it, the armies of the Blues under General Frederick D. Grant and the Browns under General J. Franklin Bell face one another in a series of military maneuvers which involves not merely parades and spectacular sham battles, but carefully laid out strategical movements. Each army is a division and numbers about 15,000 men, made up in part of regulars, in part of State militia. Each has four brigades and a body of divisional troops, mainly cavalry and artillery. The two divisions together compose a provisional corps under the command of General Henry C. Corbin, who has his headquarters at Gainesville, about midway between the two camps. Every day of the week has its own special problem, and military umpires will report on the phases of each and make awards accordingly, while the chief umpire, Colonel Wagoner, will pass upon the respective achievements of the two armies at the end of the week's work. Work it is, and not by any means play, as any one will grant who examines the carefully planned instructions. It is believed that these maneuvers will be a great improvement upon those carried out in Kentucky last year, not merely in their extent, but in the reality and importance of the tests to be made of the relative value of the different branches of the service. War is science; nowadays skill counts more proportionately than it did of old, and personal courage for less. Apart from its picturesque aspects and the historical interest of its environments, the great war game now going on has real value as a part of our national military system.

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Lynching and Southern Opinion

Two representative newspapers of the South are the Richmond "Times-Dispatch" and the Atlanta "Constitution." The former, which takes pride in the fact that it "is intensely Southern in all its views," does not hesitate to use plain language with regard to the Statesboro mob that burned two convicted negro murderers on August 16. It says:

> The mob was determined to be more cruel and more brutal than the negro brutes themselves had been. It was an awful spectacle. It was as cruel and savage as any orgy of Zulu or Indian described in history. . . . The mob soon took in the situation and made short work of the soldiers. It was all a disgusting farce and a disgrace to civilization.

The "Times-Dispatch" makes emphatic its belief that the South should not be held responsible for it. The "Constitution" adds its voice to the indignant protest against both the work of the mob and the accusations against the South:

> Can any of our Northern detractors name a single paper or a single citizen of Georgia that has uttered one word intended to condone the anarchy at Statesboro? Lynching is a thing abhorred by good citizens everywhere, and the majority of Georgians are good citizens.

These two utterances are representative of Southern comment. To those unacquainted with the South, and therefore inclined to judge it by the abnormal occurrences that are reported just because they are abnormal, this unanimous expression of horror may seem like a revolution in opinion. It is nothing of the sort. Since the Statesboro outrage other lynchings have occurred. In a single day last week four lynchings or attempts to lynch were reported. The mob spirit has not been crushed. On the other hand, decent opinion in the South is what it has always been; and if the chorus of protest sounds louder than it used to sound, it means, happily, that decent opinion finds clearer utterance than ever.

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Campaign Comment

Before this reaches the reader the State election of Vermont will have been held and the campaign for Governor in Maine will be practically over. This will release a large number of prominent speakers for work elsewhere, and they will be assigned to various doubtful States and Congressional districts. The Democrats during the week have continued to concentrate their fire on the President, and

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the Republicans are meeting it. Both parties are somewhat embarrassed by the tariff issue. The Republicans are visibly disturbed over the spread of the reciprocity idea from Massachusetts to Rhode Island and northern and eastern Connecticut. Democratic orators who have been timid about advocating heavy reductions in the tariff are rebuked by their press, who demand outspoken pledges for tariff revision on the stump. The Tariff Reform Committee of the Reform Club has called on Judge Parker to say in his letter of acceptance that the tariff was never in such need of radical revision as now, and it is seeking to enlist newspaper support throughout the Union in the hope that, if the Democrats win, the Republican Senate can be forced to pass a Democratic bill. All reports agree that the great mass of voters appear to be apathetic, which may mean contentment or may mean indifference. The field of battle for Presidential electors is rapidly extending. Owing to a peculiar condition existing over the license question in Tennessee, the Republicans are making a threatening diversion in that State, while the Democratic managers are by no means convinced that Illinois will not respond to a sturdy campaign. The candidacy of Thomas E. Watson, who is running for President on the Populist ticket, is presenting a serious problem to the Democrats. Mr. Watson is likely to get a large vote in New York and Indiana, and Judge Parker is likely to suffer. To offset Mr. Watson the Democratic managers hail with delight Mr. Bryan's determination to take the stump, and they have ostentatiously called to headquarters all of Mr. Bryan's campaign managers of 1896 and 1900 and put them to work. The appearance of William F. Vilas, who was Mr. Cleveland's Postmaster-General, in the Democratic State Convention of Wisconsin is a sign of a Democratic reunion in the Northwest. Mr. Vilas played a conspicuous part in the making of the platform, which is very severe in denunciation of the La Follette State administration, and may terminate any understanding the La Follette press may have had with the Democrats in Wisconsin's singular three-sided fight. Speaker Cannon has opened the campaign in Indiana, and Senator Fairbanks, after speaking in Vermont, opened the campaign in Kansas.

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The Struggle for the Empire State

In New York State there have been some interesting moves on the political chessboard. Mr. Hill announced that on January 1 he would retire from politics and would accept no office even if his party should be successful. Mr. Hill's enemies naturally doubt his sincerity, but the announcement was not without its importance. Studying cause and effect, it was noticed that at the meeting of the Democratic State Committee a few days later, Mr. Murphy, the Tammany leader, refrained from making his contemplated demand for the removal of State Senator McCarren from the chairmanship of the Executive Committee. One of Mr. Murphy's incentives for fighting Mr. McCarren has been that he believed Mr. Hill would use the Brooklyn leader to crush out Tammany as a factor in State politics. The announcement was also made that Mayor McClellan would be renominated in 1905, and that Mr. McCarren would support him. Some persons doubt whether this truce will last until election day, but if it does, it is an event of considerable weight in the State and National campaign. The elimination of Mr. Root as a candidate for the Republican nomination for Governor has been followed, apparently, by the elimination also of Mr. Woodruff. Unless the candidacy of an "unknown" is developed, Lieutenant-Governor Higgins may be regarded as in the lead. Never before in a Presidential year in New York has such interest been manifested in the personality of candidates for State offices. Governor Odell has embarrassed the Democrats by appointing to the post of Chief Judge of the Court of Appeals, vacated by Judge Parker, Supreme Court Justice Cullen, of Brooklyn. This means that the Republicans will nominate Justice Cullen, a Democrat, for Chief Judge, and Judge William E. Werner, a Republican, for Associate Judge. There has been a long fight in New York State for

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a non-partisan judiciary. In 1902 the Republicans refused to nominate Judge John Clinton Gray, a Democrat, whose term on the Court of Appeals bench had ended, and named Judge Werner, a Republican. Judge Gray was elected by 14,000 plurality, although the head of the Republican ticket won by 8,800.

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A Tolerant Labor Union

On account of the dispute between the Interborough Company, which controls the elevated railway system in Manhattan Borough, New York, and is to operate the new subway system, and the engineers of the elevated railroad, concerning the employment of men on subway trains, delegates of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers met in New York City last week. That the dispute is not one concerning the "open shop," as some recent labor contests have been, was explicitly stated by two representatives of the Brotherhood. Mr. M. M. Clapp, representing the Jersey City Division, said:

> We wish it to be distinctly understood that the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers take the stand that, as our forefathers gave us all equal rights, we have no right to decide that we will not work with non-union men. . . . What we have insisted on, and will always insist on, is that the standard of union wages be observed all along, whether the men be union or non-union.

This position was reaffirmed by Mr. Warren P. Stone, the Grand Chief of the Brotherhood, who made the following statement:

> Not only the engineers, but the other railroad Brotherhoods, believe that every man has a right to work. But we will not work with non-union men unless they are paid the same wages and work under the same conditions as the union men. This is no new state of affairs. While we would like to see every man in the union, we do not believe in depriving a man of work if he is not, if he has union wages and conditions. The American Constitution guarantees every man the right to work, and we believe in the American Constitution.

Many labor leaders, and among them some who are most sober-minded and far-seeing, hold that the very life of the labor union depends upon the maintenance of the "closed shop." They argue, not without plausibility, that under the practice of the "open shop" (in which union and non-union men work side by side) the union men assume all the responsibility and bear all the financial and other burdens entailed in organization, while the non-union men reap the benefits which they have been at no costs to secure; that therefore the "open shop" is manifestly unfair, and puts the union at a disadvantage. The experience of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers proves that the "open shop" is not only practical, but is also beneficial to the union. That union acts on the assumption that it is wiser to draw men into the union by appealing to the reason and the sense of fairness in workmen than to drive them in by attempting to establish a labor monopoly.

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Efficiency versus Cheapness

The fact that the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers takes so reasonable and broad-minded a view of the function and true aim of labor organization naturally induces the public to listen with favor to any statement it may make in presenting its own side of a dispute. In the present controversy, therefore, with the officials of the Interborough Company the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers holds at the very start a strong position. The Brotherhood is asking that the wage scale now in effect on the elevated roads be extended to the subway when it is open. They are not asking for an increase of wages for themselves, nor are they demanding that the men employed on the subway be exclusively members of the Brotherhood. They are simply but strongly protesting against advantage being taken of opening a new subway for the purpose of reducing the scale of wages now prevailing in the craft. They maintain that their interests in this respect are identical with the interests of the public. Mr. Stone, Grand Chief of the Brotherhood, acknowledges that the company would have no difficulty in getting plenty of motormen at lower wages, but he is convinced that they would not be the kind of men who ought to be put in charge of these sub-

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way trains. We quote from a statement made by him:

> It is the intention of the company to put in a service in the subway that is faster than anything in the United States, and the only question that the company should consider, and one of vital importance to the public, is not how cheap, but how good. It appears to me a motorman in charge of one of these three-hundred-ton trains, rushing through the subway at express train speed, carrying from five hundred to eight hundred lives, should be the best that can be procured, and I firmly believe if the people of Greater New York understood the importance of the question at stake, they would demand that the best motormen possible be supplied to man these trains.

He denies that a motorman accustomed to manage a surface car of light weight going at ten or fifteen miles an hour is competent to manage a train going at forty-five or fifty miles an hour. There can be no question that the interest of the public is identical with the interest of the Brotherhood in its contention that the question is "not how cheap, but how good." The people of New York who travel on these subway trains will receive no advantage from the low wages of the motormen, but are vitally concerned in their efficiency. The Brotherhood has done wisely in emphasizing this fact.

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The Other Side

Involved in this dispute, however, is the old and large question of the effect of progress in mechanics upon the condition of laborers. Locomotive engineers all over the country are face to face with new conditions brought in by the increasing use of electric power. This problem is presented in concrete in the New York situation. It is only fair to recall the circumstances that led up to this dispute. In former years the trains on the elevated roads in New York were drawn by steam locomotives. The engineers on those lines, therefore, had to have the same kind of skill that the engineers on other steam railroads need to have. Such skill they could obtain only by long experience, first, as firemen. It was necessary for them to have mechanical ability and training, and naturally, therefore, their wages were those of specially skilled men. When the form of traction power was changed from steam to electricity, conditions were also changed. It was no longer necessary for the men in charge of the electric motors on the train to be experienced locomotive engineers. The machinery which heretofore had been distributed through the hundreds of engines on the line was concentrated in the power-houses. The men in charge of the trains, therefore, ceased to have anything to do with the generating of power; they simply needed to be competent enough to control the power transmitted to them. The Interborough Company was thereupon confronted with two alternatives—they might either discharge all their locomotive engineers and engage a new set of men to be motormen at lower wages, or else they could retain their former employees and pay them the wages of locomotive engineers. They chose wisely, almost inevitably, the latter alternative. Since these men were still members of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, they were in position to require the maintenance of the wage scale. The opening of the subway, on the other hand, presents no such problem as that presented in the change from steam to electricity in the elevated roads. Approximately three thousand positions are now offered which were not in existence before. The officials of the Interborough Company naturally contend that the abnormal circumstances which determined the wage scale on the elevated roads ought not to determine the wages on the subway, where those circumstances have not existed. It seems to us that the controversy is thus one in which each side has some measure of reason and right, and that therefore it is one especially capable of settlement by an impartial tribunal of some kind. The engineers, the trainmen, and the station men have voted almost unanimously to strike. It is now in the power of the union officers to declare a strike when they decide the time to be opportune. If the strike is ordered, the ensuing condition will afford another example, in addition to the many examples in the past, of the anomalous social conditions under which it is possible for the public, which

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is most vitally concerned in the outcome of a labor dispute, to have no part in deciding what that outcome shall be.

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The World's Fair Congress

Never before in the history of the country have so many foreigners of distinction come during any one season as have arrived or will arrive between the end of August and the beginning of winter. The Archbishop of Canterbury is already here, and M. Brunetière, M. Wagner, Professor Harnack, Professor Bryce, and Mr. John Morley are expected before the end of October. Representatives of the various institutions of learning and municipal and scientific organizations in different parts of Europe are already on their way to St. Louis; and the most interesting days of the World's Fair will undoubtedly be those between September 19 and 25, when the sessions of the International Congress of Arts and Science will be held. The purpose of the Congress is the unification of knowledge, and it is hoped to bring together leading representatives of theoretical and applied sciences who shall deal with the general principles and fundamental conceptions which connect groups of sciences, review the historical development of special sciences, show their mutual relations and discuss their present problems. After the opening of the Congress on Monday afternoon, September 19, there will be addresses on each of the twenty-four great departments of knowledge, the programme of the first two days of the Congress being given up entirely to Americans. On the third day the international work will begin, and nearly one hundred and thirty sectional meetings will be held on the four remaining days, at each of which two papers will be read. The list of speakers in all the various departments of knowledge, literature, and art is an extensive one, and the American institutions of learning and a great many foreign institutions will be represented by distinguished teachers, thinkers, and writers. No special invitation is necessary in order to secure admission to this group of meetings, and there are no fees.

Archbishop Elder on the Public Schools

Archbishop Elder, of the Roman Catholic Archdiocese of Cincinnati, has issued a letter to his ecclesiastical subordinates which was read in the churches under his jurisdiction on the last Sunday in August. He regrets to say that there are "some fathers and mothers who . . . send their children to non-Catholic schools." He declares that it is "the doctrine of the Church . . . that to attend a non-Catholic school constitutes usually a grave and permanent danger to the faith, and that, therefore, it is a mortal sin for any parents to send their children to such a school, except where there is no other suitable school, and unless such precautions are taken as to make the danger remote." The decision as to whether parents shall send their children to non-Catholic schools or not is one which, he declares, rests not with the parents, but with the bishops. In order to avoid what he considers to be the "very grievous scandal" caused by the Catholic parent who sends his child to a non-Catholic school where there is a Catholic one, he lays down eight rules. The last three rules do not bear directly upon the relation of Roman Catholics to the public schools, having to do with the observance of first communion. The first five rules, however, bear very directly upon the public school question. We here give these five rules in the language of the Archbishop. We omit from the last rule, for the sake of space, certain explanatory sentences which are not essential:

1. In places where there is a Catholic school parents are obliged, under the pain of mortal sin, to send their children to it. This rule holds good, not only in case of children who have not yet made their first Communion, but also in case of those who have received it. Parents should send their children to the Catholic school as long as its standards and grades are as good as those of the non-Catholic school. And even if there is no school attached to the congregation of which parents are members, they would still be obliged to send their children to some other parochial school, or to a college or academy, if they can do so without great hardship either to themselves or to their children.

2. It is the province of the Bishop to decide whether a parish should be exempted

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from having a parish school, and whether, in case there be a Catholic school in the place, parents may send their children to a non-Catholic school. Each case must be submitted to Us, except when there is a question of children living three or more miles distant from a Catholic school. Such children can hardly be compelled to attend the Catholic school.

3. As the obligation of sending a child to a Catholic school binds under the pain of mortal sin, it follows that the neglect to comply with it is a matter of accusation, when going to confession. We fail to see how fathers and mothers who omit to accuse themselves of this fault can believe that they are making an entire confession of their sins.

4. Confessors are hereby forbidden to give absolution to parents who, without permission of the Archbishop, send their children to non-Catholic schools, unless such parents promise either to send them to such a school, at the time to be fixed by the Confessor, or at least agree, within two weeks from the day of confession, to refer the case to the Archbishop, and abide by his decision. If they refuse to do either the one or the other, the Confessor cannot give them absolution; and should he attempt to do so, such absolution would be null and void.

5. We strictly enjoin that Diocesan Statute No. 64 be adhered to: "We decree that those who are to be admitted to first holy Communion shall have spent at least two years in Catholic schools. This rule is to be observed also by superiors of colleges and academies." . . . No exception is to be made to it without Our permission.

The animating motive of the Archbishop's letter may be expressed in these two sentences from it: "Now, a system of education for the young, from which Catholic faith and the direction of the Church are excluded, cannot be approved by any Catholic. The Church considers it vital to a child's faith that the spirit of religion should animate every part of the scholar's task and influence every hour of his time in school."

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What the Church Has Held

This letter from Archbishop Elder raises anew the question whether Roman Catholics can be loyal Americans in their support of the public school system. We supposed that this question had been removed after the visit of Archbishop, later Cardinal, Satolli, who came as Papal Ablegate in the fall of 1892. In December of that year, speaking as the personal representative of the Roman Pontiff, he said, "There is no repugnance in their [youths'] learning the first elements and the higher branches of the arts and natural sciences in public schools controlled by the State." Later he gave it to be distinctly understood that the Pope was determined that no priest or bishop should exclude from the sacrament, as unworthy, any parent who chose to send children to the public schools. Archbishop Elder's rules seem to violate the spirit, if not the letter, of the instructions given to the Papal Ablegate twelve years ago. Whether they do so or not, however, it seems clear that, if they were universally adopted, they would greatly circumscribe the influence and power of the Roman Catholic Church in this country. In this free land, where every village has its free school, a contest between the public school system and the parochial school system must, in the nature of the case, be unequal. The parents who would observe these rules might maintain their allegiance to the Church; but the great majority of men and women in this country do not easily acquiesce in any involuntary exclusion from the privileges of a democracy. Over such the Church, by adopting such a policy, would lose much of its influence. The best minds of the Roman Catholic Church in America have long ago seen this, and have recognized that the spiritual power of the Church can best be extended, not by causing the Church to withdraw from contact with the public schools, but rather by so directing the religious life of every community in which it is active that it may impart the religious temper to the teachers and the schools of that community. One may heartily agree with Archbishop Elder's statement that "the spirit of religion should animate every part of a scholar's task and influence every hour of his time in school," and on that very account believe that the Church can best promote the spirit of religion in the school, not by antagonizing the American system of public education, but by co-operating with it. Recently, Pope Pius X. was reported to have expressed the feeling that his confidence in America was a compensation for his disheartenment over the conditions in France. It is

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well to remember that those conditions in France are a result of that unhappy conflict between public and ecclesiastical schools from which the United States, as a rule, has been happily free.

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The Situation in Scotland

The ecclesiastical situation in Scotland continues to be anomalous in a degree which is decidedly dramatic. The Outlook has already reported and commented upon the recent decision of the House of Lords, sitting as a court of ultimate appeal, by which a little group of Highlanders numbering only one hundred and four congregations (out of one thousand one hundred and sixty-five), of which only one-fourth have ministers, have been suddenly made the custodians of vast material and religious interests. This little group of congregations, which have refused to be amalgamated with the other Presbyterian bodies in Scotland and have constituted an isolated group in a widespread modern religious movement in that country, now control, under the decision of the House of Lords, about twenty millions of dollars in money, the management of eleven hundred congregations, the direction of three theological colleges, and the carrying on of large missionary enterprises. The feeling throughout Scotland is intense. The Highland churches are rejoicing in what they believe to be the direct intervention of the hand of the Lord, while the defeated churches are aghast at the seriousness of the problem which is presented to them. All the progressive religious life of Scotland, with its endowments, its churches, its manses, and its missions, is at the mercy of a little group of non-progressive and isolated people, intensely in earnest, thoroughly sincere, and devoutly bigoted. The solution of the problem probably lies in the fact that the little Free Church remnant will recognize their inability to manage the situation. So far they have shown no desire to compromise or to help out the great disinherited churches. The action of the Archbishop of Canterbury in offering his good offices to bring about an understanding between the two bodies is significant of the catholic temper and Christian spirit of the Primate of All England. Himself a Scotchman and deeply interested in the welfare of Scotland, he suggested that his own services and that of one or two of the most competent and clear-headed public men "might profitably mediate between the parties and secure a solution honorable to both." This recognition of the Scotch churches of the Presbyterian order by the head of the English Church shows that a spiritual conception of a national Church is not without its witnesses in England. It means that the Archbishop is a statesman and a Christian as well as an ecclesiastic. It is equally significant of change in another direction; that the proposition of an Archbishop of Canterbury to mediate between contending Scotch Presbyterians has been received with courtesy and accepted as an evidence of good will without any outbreak of the old feeling against primates, prelates, and priests makes it clear that it is a long time since Jenny Geddes threw her stool at the priest in the pulpit of St. Giles.

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The New Governor-General of Canada

Earl Grey has been appointed Governor-General of Canada in succession to the Earl of Minto. He was born in 1851, and is the grandson of the famous Earl Grey, the second of that title, who was Prime Minister of Great Britain when the Reform Bill of 1832 and the law of 1833 for the abolition of slavery in the British dominions were passed. The present Earl has had considerable experience as an administrator, and is well known for his active interest in social reform, especially temperance. In the latter respect he has been the leader of a movement to make the English tavern more respectable and more attractive to the workingman. When the British South Africa Company governed what is now Rhodesia under a charter, Earl Grey was one of its administrators, and in 1896 and 1897 quelled the rebellion of the Matabeles. He was a close friend of Cecil Rhodes, and is one of the trustees in effectuating the provisions of the Rhodes scholarship bequest. It is

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said that he was largely instrumental in extending the benefits of that bequest to American students.

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Columbia's Anniversary

The one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the founding of King's College in this city, now Columbia University, will be commemorated by very interesting exercises, although no attempt will be made to make it an inter-university occasion. There will be a public reception on the afternoon of Friday, October 28, a game of football between Yale and Columbia on Saturday, the 29th, a service of praise and thanksgiving with a sermon by Bishop Doane, of Albany, on Sunday, the 30th, and the laying of the corner-stone of four new buildings on Monday, the 31st. There could not be a more substantial observance of such an anniversary than the important enlargement of its equipment which Columbia proposes to make in the building of the chapel, the School of Mines, a dormitory, and Hartley Hall. President Butler will deliver a commemorative address on the same day. The alumni of the University now numbers fourteen thousand—a constituency which includes many men of the first importance; but the constituency of Columbia ought to include the entire population of Greater New York; for the community which is now growing up on Morningside Heights, like that which is growing up on University Heights, is representative of the highest life of New York.

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Murad V.

Nothing could better illustrate the distrust with which the world regards the present Sultan than the fact that his statements about his predecessor, Murad V., who died last week, have never been accepted as true, although there has been no positive evidence to the contrary. For many years the assertion that Murad V. was insane has been seriously doubted, while many have also doubted the very fact of his being alive. Murad was deposed twenty-eight years to a day before his death, and his younger brother, Abdul Hamid, was proclaimed Sultan. Since that time Murad has been kept in the closest possible seclusion, and no European physician has been allowed to see him. The story is told that when Murad was removed from one place of confinement to another—the latter being in the very grounds of the Yildiz Palace itself—he was seen by some foreigners, who declared that although he had aged and was haggard, he had the appearance of a man in the full possession of his mental faculties. Whether Murad had a tinge of insanity or not at the time of his deposition, it is certain that the real cause was his tendency to favor progressive and modern methods of government. He had announced that he intended to establish a constitutional form of government, and he had also indicated an intention of reducing materially the enormous palace and personal expense which the Sultans have been accustomed to sanction. It was even intimated that he was inclined toward a reform of the Mohammedan ecclesiastical system, and, still more surprising for Turkey, that he had declared himself in favor of woman suffrage. The party known as the Young Turks has always maintained that Murad was sane, and that his confinement was for the purpose of preventing his recovering the throne, while there is good reason to suppose that Abdul Hamid has often feared political plots having for their object the restoration of Murad V.

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Financial Immorality

In a period of general prosperity certain crimes flourish, as certain others flourish in a period of social distress. Petty robbers spring up when men are out of work in hard times. In flush times more imposing robbers raid pockets bulging with cash for lucrative investment. This kind has lately bloomed exuberantly. Last month a high-class journal displayed this advertisement, topped by two open hands uplifted: "'HOLD UP YOUR HANDS,' says the highwayman to his victim. There is a safer way to 'make' money." The reader is then referred to a widely circulated magazine, in which a prominent operator reveals to babes the mysteries of "high finance."

That this revelation of immoral profits,

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and how to make them, is apparently inspired by revenge, forbids a childlike faith in its entire credibility. But those who have watched for years the downward slide of "high finance," which has recently brought the Governor of New York into court as a complainant against alleged swindlers supposed to be respectable and rich, can hardly deny to it a large verisimilitude. Last March this same revelator testified in a Boston court that he himself, with one of the two chief participants in the affair advertised as above, made $46,000,000 during the years 1899–1901 in the promotion of the Copper Trust, whose methods he now exposes. A squeeze by his confederates seems to have prompted retaliation by breathing the story into the public ear of how they squeezed the public.

For substance of doctrine, as the theologians say, this revelation of a gigantic financial immorality, perpetrated with due observance of the forms of law, and said to have netted its contrivers some $36,000,000, while investors lost two-thirds of their investment, may be regarded as credible, however open to correction in particulars. While there is honor among thieves—such as it is—the other adage is also true, that when thieves fall out honest men come to their rights—though they be some time in coming. Chief among these rights is to have these practices of "frenzied finance," as described by their revelator, whose perpetrators still pose as respectable men, branded with public ignominy by their proper name of robbery, precisely as the "gallantries" of some fine gentlemen in former times are now branded as adultery. Robbery, whether by the brutality of the highwayman or by the plausibility of the confidence man, is nothing but robbery. The transfer of property from A to B without a just equivalent, whether by the forger or by the promoter of fictitious values compounded more or less of wind and water, is simply robbery. In morals, to call things by their right names is of supreme importance. It makes all the difference between a sound eye and a blind one. Because of our failure to call and to treat robbery as robbery, the nations we reproach with sexual immorality may justly retort upon us for equally flagrant financial immorality. The spoliations committed among us by the pen during the last decade far exceed in real magnitude those committed by the sword of any ancient world-conqueror.

In view of the hatred of the shorn to their shearers and to the wealthy class they disgrace, together with the animosity evidently rising among the people against accumulations of ill-gotten wealth, it may be questioned whether the stability of the commonwealth is any less seriously threatened by financial debauchery than it would be by sexual. Twenty years ago a high-class metropolitan journal declared that the financial practices of certain capitalists were more effectively inculcating popular disregard of property rights than the harangues of blatant demagogues. It is hardly to be doubted that "How did you get it?" is a question likely to be pointedly put some day to the enormously rich. Some fifteen years ago, a work on sociology by a distinguished college president affirmed that our social equilibrium is endangered when a single family can amass, in the course of one generation, a hundred million dollars. That seemed the danger point then, but we have now gone past it.

We seem to be nearing the crisis of a disease that threatens the vitals of the State. People naturally think of better laws as the proper remedy. But Judge Parker tells us that what is more needed is better enforcement of the laws we have. And this waits for the imperative mandate of the public opinion without which law is dead. For lack of this, wealthy swindlers still go at large, who are liable to the punishment which, in a British court, Whitaker Wright recently escaped by suicide. What the "Black Hand" is to the Italian quarter, a pest and a disgrace, such men are to Wall Street and other financial centers. And the newspapers that do their touting must be made to share their obloquy. The lucrative advertisements of an oil company, whose promoters were men of blemished record, and whose actual holdings of land and oil were *nil*, only

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one newspaper in Boston was sufficiently high-minded to refuse.

But the sane and enlightened public opinion now to be educated to righteous dealing with enormous evils must be inspired by more than a perception of the present inequality in the treatment of petty and of gigantic stealing. To reinstate the "fair exchange" that is "no robbery," the *ethics of money* as its medium must be taught as it has not yet been taught. The fact has faded out of mind that the money passed from hand to hand represents an exchange of equivalents—a service given and a service received. The dollar paid is a due bill for a dollar's worth of such service as the receiver desires in exchange for the service he has performed. Adam Smith stated this more than a century ago. But how has it been forgotten!

There is general blindness to the ethical demand that a money transfer must express a just balance between service given and service received. This demand is constantly enforced by the courts in petty controversies about excessive charges by milliners and tailors, but utterly discarded in grand transactions. Here is where the campaign of education for the restoration of financial righteousness must begin. The ethics of money is the A B C of economic integrity.

For this the home and the school, the pulpit and the press, have a large responsibility. Our boys and girls, dazzled often by gilded corruption, need to be set right while teachable. Right hates are as essential to sound character as right loves. The coming generation must be taught that hatred of the holding not fairly acquired by service or by affection is an essential trait of honorable character.

It is to the professed teachers of morality and religion that our present moral crisis most pointedly appeals, to hew to the line of righteousness upon sound information and with dauntless courage. The courage with which a distinguished churchman braved certain obloquy by acting on his convictions in the matter of a saloon is to be commended, especially, to the pulpits that have censured him. They are confronted by an enemy more menacing to the interests intrusted to them than any number of saloons. They will do well to emulate his courage in braving the resentment that awaits any interference with unrighteous gain. Specially to be remembered in the modern pulpit is Jesus' rebuke of the religious teachers of his time for straining out gnats while swallowing camels.

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The Return of the Native

In Mr. Thomas Hardy's "Return of the Native" the real protagonist of the novel is the vast, changing moor, with its marvelous transitions from light to gloom, the mystery of its shadows, the beauty of its spatial expanse, the subdued color of its bloom, its solitude and loneliness; it is the country quite as much as the man that gives the story its dominant note. In the home-coming of Mr. Henry James, after an absence of more than two decades, it is impossible to escape the conviction that in this latest return of a native to the land of his birth, inheritance, and early environment the dramatic element will be the influence of the country on the man rather than the man on the country. Mr. James is the most accomplished American man of letters in the mastery of many of the resources of his art. So far as refinement, delicacy, and subtlety are concerned he stands almost alone among American writers; so far as its ideals, its consecration, its expert practice, are concerned, he has represented the profession of letters at its best. No man of his time has been more free from that element of commercialism which shows itself in a writer in the endeavor to secure readers rather than the passionate search after perfection. Mr. James has sought perfection in season and out of season through laborious and fruitful years.

Perhaps no modern writer save Flaubert has written with so sophisticated and patient a pen as the author of "The Wings of a Dove." Of late years he has been possessed, as was Flaubert, by the passion for the one word to express the thought, the one phrase to convey

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the idea. At its best his work reminds one of the delicate and intricate tracery on a Damascus blade. Those who remember the charm of sentiment and of style of "A Passionate Pilgrim," "Roderick Hudson," and the earlier work of Mr. James have felt for a long time past that in his devotion to the technical side of his work he has lost the true vision, the constant contact with life, the spontaneity of the highest creative mood. His work had become an accomplishment, a delicate achievement, rather than a fresh expression of the soul of an artist looking out upon life and divining its secrets. In some respects Mr. James, in his later books, has gone back to the prose style of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, before the paragraph was shortened, the parenthesis excluded, the qualifying clauses put in separate sentences, the splendor subdued and chastened by lucid directness and freedom. In "The Wings of a Dove" and "The Ambassadors," and in many of his recent shorter stories, Mr. James's style has been overloaded with subtle distinctions, with qualifying clauses, until it has become so intricate that one parted company with the thought before he reached the end of the paragraph and was involved in a maze of subtle expression rather than guided and aided to clear and definite apprehension of the purposes in the writer's mind.

One of the greatest services of Irving and Longfellow to American letters was the happy assimilation of foreign ideals of the best kind; the transference of the charm of the associations and traditions of the older world to a crude and raw new world, the happy effort to equalize conditions between an ancient and modern civilization. Not until the generation of Mr. James, however, has there been searching and penetrating contact of the Old World with the New. During the last thirty years Americans have come under the spell of the older civilization. They have carried their traditions, convictions, and tastes to the Old World, and have subjected them to merciless and often destructive comparisons. Their insularity has felt the full force of the broader life of the older world. They have discovered that many truths which they supposed universally held are of purely local authority, that many customs which they regarded as expressing the finalities of civilization are provincial and tentative. In many respects the going of the American to Europe in the last thirty years has been like the going of a man from the remote country to a great city.

This contact of the New World with the Old has made a chapter in American psychology which has yet to be written, affecting its religious, intellectual, and social life. To the history of this often obscure and always profoundly interesting period Mr. James has contributed most valuable social studies. He has been the sensitive register of the results of the influence of the older society on the crudities, rawness, or, at its best, the inexperience of a new society. He has shown how old standards, convictions, and principles are often dissolved in the solvent of a more inclusive and ripe civilization. He has recorded the modification or the surrender of the provincial to the Old World spirit. No other report of this phase of recent life has been at once so searching and so subtle as "The Ambassadors," Mr. James's latest novel. As an analyst of what might be called social motives, as a reporter of manners, as a student of the subtler contrasts of character molded by social conditions, Mr. James stands pre-eminent among American writers. He returns to the country in his ripest maturity, with a knowledge of the new and the old in social and intellectual life almost unrivaled. He has a rare equipment to make a comment on the America of to-day of the most illuminating kind. In his biography of Mr. Story he affirmed that that accomplished sculptor and poet lost something precious by expatriation. It has sometimes seemed to Mr. James's readers on this side of the Atlantic as if he, too, had paid too great a price for what Europe had given him of repose, of beauty, and of companionship in his vocation. It is quite certain that he cannot understand his country unless, as Matthew Arnold said, he "puts his heart into his work."

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Charles B. Spahr

Mr. Charles B. Spahr went to Europe on July 7 with his friend Mr. E. W. Ordway, of this city. They made a trip through Italy, Austria, Germany, and Belgium, ending at Ostend on Tuesday morning of last week, August 30. During this trip Mr. Spahr had been subject to periods of nervous depression, but Mr. Ordway states that they had gradually decreased in number. On the steamer Prince Albert, crossing from Ostend to Dover, Mr. Spahr appeared to take a keen interest in some late issues of American newspapers, and discussed their contents with his usual vivacity. He was missed by his companions, however, soon after passing the lightship near Dover, and no further trace of him has come to light. Mr. Spahr was born in Ohio, graduated from Amherst in 1881, studied at Leipsic, and took the degree of Ph.D. at Columbia University, where, in later years, he delivered lectures. He became a member of the editorial staff of The Outlook in 1886, and dissolved his connection in February, 1904, when he became editor-in-chief of "Current Literature." He had been all his working life a student of economics, profoundly interested in industrial questions of all kinds, and a passionate advocate of better conditions for working people. He had never had any experience in directing business affairs, and when he went to the office of "Current Literature" he threw himself with characteristic ardor into his new enterprise, working night and day without rest. His prospects were good from every point of view. There was nothing discouraging in the situation, but he overworked, and unfamiliar responsibilities weighed heavily on him. He disregarded the warnings of his friends, and as a result had a nervous breakdown in July. He went abroad with his friend Mr. Ordway, in order to secure the needed rest.

Mr. Spahr was a man of singular purity of motive and life, and of a very affectionate and lovable personality. His associates on The Outlook were greatly attached to him, and very reluctant to have him sever the connection, which had never been otherwise than most congenial. Their feeling was expressed in these words in an editorial which appeared in The Outlook of January 30, 1904:

> He brought to the service of this journal and its readers an expert knowledge in the field of economics, practical ability in applying that knowledge to current events, an inspiring and catholic sympathy for his fellow-men, especially for the poor and the oppressed, carefully considered convictions founded on a passionate devotion to the truth as he sees the truth, and the power of clear statement and effective marshaling of facts and figures in the interpretation and maintenance of these convictions. Always in sympathy with the animating spirit and essential purpose of The Outlook, he has differed with it upon some questions of public policy, and this has materially aided us in our endeavor to give to our readers sympathetic report and interpretation of views and opinions which we all the more wished to represent accurately and impartially because we were controverting them. His withdrawal for the purpose of directing the policy and controlling the utterances of another periodical will involve a distinct editorial loss to the readers of The Outlook, as it will involve a very real personal loss to those who have been associated with him.

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Degrees at Cost Prices

A curious chapter of history has come to light in connection with one William Farr, who prefixes the letters "Dr." to his name, and whose business it is to create "Dr.'s" of various kinds over the length and breadth of the country. This man has been called upon by the Assistant Attorney-General of the Post-Office Department to show cause why he should not be debarred from the use of the United States mails. This action is the result, it is stated, of careful and somewhat extended consideration on the part of the Department, based upon the report of several experts who have been collecting evidence which, it is said, will show that Farr has been conducting a business which violates the provisions of the postal law relating to frauds. Farr, who is a young man of thirty, has shown remarkable ingenuity in working up a business in college degrees. He has founded more colleges and conferred more degrees than any other man in the history of academic life. He is said to be responsible for the University of Washington, the Omaha University, the

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Oklahoma University, the Chattanooga College of Law, the Nashville School of Law, the Nashville College, the National College of Law, the American College of Law, the Washington University, the George Washington University, and the University of Washington. His mind has been so bent on business that he has not taken the trouble to secure distinctive names for his institutions, and he has shown lack of sagacity in grouping them so largely in the center of the country. It is difficult for the Northern, the Southern, and the Far Western mind to understand why this founder of colleges, beside whose activity the fame of William of Wickham and of Cardinal Wolsey diminishes to a faint shadow, has confined his interests to the line of country which stretches from Washington to Omaha. Why were Boston, New York, Chicago, Charleston, New Orleans, and San Francisco omitted? Why this invidious distinction in the bestowal of educational benefits?

These institutions, unlike other universities, have been neither places where scholars congregated, nor have they possessed boards of instruction. They have been unique among the educational institutions of the world in the fact that they have had neither location, equipment, trustees, nor faculties. They have consisted, first and foremost, of a president, and, secondly, of a name. There have not even been examining bodies. The Farr institutions have disregarded the vexatious and annoying processes of the past, and, with noble generosity, bestowed degrees on any person who applied, on receipt of five or ten dollars for each diploma. The writer of this article received an invitation from one of this group of colleges to become the recipient of the degree of LL.D. a year ago, the sole condition being that he should answer certain general questions about his ability and achievements and inclose a check for ten dollars. The most casual reading of the series of questions propounded showed that the kernel of the nut lay not in the circular but in the check.

It is reported that so general was the passion for degrees, so skillful the presentation of the matter, and so easy the process, that more than twenty thousand men and women throughout the country have secured, at $5 or $10 apiece, these authoritative certificates of scholarship and achievement, each diploma, properly engrossed and neatly framed, testifying on the walls of many homes that there is a Doctor of Laws on the premises. The business seems to have been conducted by direct communication with selected lists of names and by the use of a Year-Book of the various institutions of which Farr is president, and which deserves to take its place among the classics of academic literature. The New York "Sun" quotes a paragraph from this Year-Book in which Mr. Farr favors the public with a description of himself in this noble language:

> In appearance he is tall and stately, being of the blond type, having blue eyes, light brown hair, fair complexion, and fine, well-cut features; is about six feet in height, weighs 180 pounds, is erect in stature, possessing a fine, manly physique and good address; is fond of music, reading, amusements, and loves the beautiful, the true, and the good. He is a young lawyer of prepossessing qualities, sterling worth, irreproachable character, profound judgment, a wise and efficient councilor, with excellent business ability; an able writer, a conscientious law instructor, a deep thinker, and an entertaining platform lecturer; having a fascinating disposition, he has a tact for making friends; his ideals of honesty and integrity are high, and he does not hesitate in doing what he believes to be honorable and right, even at the cost of losing many friends.

It only remains for the ladies and gentlemen who bear these degrees to organize themselves into an association to be called, possibly, "The Farr Honor-Bearers," to hold annual meetings, and to listen to interpretations of the high ideals and the lofty standards of this modest founder of invisible universities.

Not long ago an inventive gentleman got himself into trouble with the Postal Department by advertising that, on the receipt of twenty-five cents, he would send a slightly disfigured portrait of Washington. On receipt of twenty-five cents he did send a canceled postage-stamp bearing the image of the Father of his Country. Another gentleman of an inventive turn advertised in a great number of agricultural papers that he would supply a potato-bug eradicator

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on receipt of ten cents. That amount received, in return he sent two small pieces of pine wood, with printed directions, according to Mr. MacGregor Jenkins in the current number of the "Atlantic Monthly," which read, "Place the potato-bug between the two sticks of wood and press them together." Mr. Farr's scheme was much subtler than this, and involves a deeper psychological knowledge. When one studies the scheme from the various standpoints in which it presents itself, Mr. Farr's place as one of the most striking products of certain phases of our age must be regarded as one of supreme significance.

Impressions of a Careless Traveler

The Cities of Southern California

IN origin, in population, in forms of industry, in public sentiment, in everything except political organization, California is two States. It would not be just to say that there is jealousy between Northern and Southern California, but there is a good-natured rivalry between them. The United States is so composite and so varied in its local interests that the kind of personal attachment and personal pride in the Nation which is so characteristic of the Englishman's attitude toward his country is hardly possible in the American. Local pride and local patriotism must to some extent take its place. It seems to me, therefore, on the whole, an advantage, not the reverse, that the Virginian thinks there is no State in the country like the Mother of Presidents, the New Yorker no State comparable to the Empire State, the Yankee no section which in influence parallels that of New England. So it is not a disadvantage that Southern Californians regard Southern California as the real garden of the Pacific coast, and Northern Californians are equally sure that the commercial and industrial future belongs to Northern California. Each section has its social capital, its metropolis, which is to that section what Paris is to France or London to England. So separate are these two communities that it can hardly be said that there is rivalry between their respective chief cities.

The metropolis of Southern California is Los Angeles, an enterprising city which has grown with a marvelous rapidity, rivaling that of the vineyards and orchards. The only thoroughly trustworthy information I could obtain regarding the pronunciation of the name is that no native American can pronounce it correctly. It is, of course, Spanish in its origin, and if the Spanish pronunciation be followed, the o is long and the g is an unpronounceable guttural. The nearest approximation I can get to this pronunciation by means of type is Lōs Ankĕlēs. Quite as frequently, however, it is pronounced with the short o and the soft g: Lŏs Angĕlĕs. It is an unquestionably enterprising city. Although an hour's ride from the coast, with a very mediocre and almost wholly artificial harbor when the coast is reached, it has a very considerable commerce, much greater than that of San Diego, the harbor of which is said to be, after that of San Francisco, the best on the Pacific coast. Newspapers are an indication, though not always a conclusive indication, of the character of the city in which they are published. Outside of two or three of the greatest of the American cities, I have seen no newspaper in America that impressed me as more intelligently enterprising than the Los Angeles "Times"—clean, indefatigable, energetic, independent, and of the more interest because one did not always agree with its editorial opinions. It is one of the not too many papers in America that have real editorial opinions which are not the mere editorial reflection of the opinions of a constituency. It has fought trades-unionism with great courage, though not always with just discrimination. But trades-unionism has been peculiarly des-

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potic on the Pacific coast; and it is probably due to the Los Angeles "Times" more than to any other influence that Los Angeles is, to use the expression in the trade-union sense, an "open" city. The title could not with truth be applied to San Francisco.

The American city is not to me interesting as a place for a vacation residence. It is generally a combination of factory and salesroom, a place to make money and to spend it. Los Angeles as we saw it—but then we saw it only as shoppers—is no exception. There is the same monotonous row of shops, rumble of carts and wagons, clanging of trolleys, rushing of bustling people on the crowded streets. It was not for either the spending or the making of money we had come to California, and we therefore made our home, while in Southern California, in Pasadena. That also is a city, but it is a residential city, a city of homes and gardens, of trees and flowers, of broad avenues and great breathing-places, a city of contiguous country homes. Happily, Los Angeles is so near that in Pasadena of shops there are but few, and I saw no signs of a factory. If there is any manufacturing, it is done modestly and in retirement. The country about furnishes good opportunity for driving; and the mountains close at hand, the more distant ones snow-capped in April, give tonic to the air. Yet, though in its architectural and social aspect it is rather a large and well-equipped rural village than a small city, it does not lack the enterprise of a city. Its hotels are of the best, and apparently so are its schools and its churches. An illustration of the religious enterprise which seems to me to characterize the Californian is furnished by a chapter in the church history of Pasadena. Hither came for rest and recuperation, about a year and a half ago, Dr. Robert R. Meredith, formerly of Brooklyn, New York. He found there a Congregational church in a not very strong condition and a not very favorable location. He adjudged that a new church building in a more central location was indispensable to its future prosperity. Two-thirds of the church were easily persuaded to be of his opinion, and one-third were not. Here was a fine basis for a church quarrel. In a year and a half the difference has been settled by a very simple expedient: one-third of the church has paid two-thirds of the value of the old property to the two-thirds who wish to move. They have moved. Services are held in the Young Men's Christian Association Hall in the center of the city. Lots for a new church have been purchased, and by this time money enough has been secured to give out the contracts and begin the building; and yet Pasadena is not a notably rich community, nor are the Congregationalists a notably rich folk. To be sure, Dr. Meredith is a notably energetic man, with a courage which not even serious invalidism can daunt. But the most energetic of pastors could not accomplish what he has accomplished if he were not backed by an energetic church.

Redlands and Riverside are put down in the guide-books as towns of considerable size; I should rather describe them as thickly populated orange groves. For beauty and fertility I have never seen equaled the two drives we took through those two towns. I was asked to address a ministerial association of twenty or thirty members at Redlands, on a week evening. The public were invited, and the church was crowded. A similar opportunity and a promise of a similar congregation were offered me if I would speak at Riverside, but other engagements compelled me to decline. In Redlands, as in Pasadena and Los Angeles, my theme was emphatically religious, and the spiritual rather than the ethical aspect of religion; and everywhere a crowded audience. I speak of this because, coupled with other incidents, it seemed to me an indication of the character of the people. Whether one looks at the churches and schoolhouses, or at the almost uniformly tasteful homes, or at the fragrant and blossoming gardens, or at the congregations which gather for religious addresses even on the week evenings, or reads the newspaper which most of the families read, or visits the libraries which are

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characteristic features of the towns, or talks with the people and so learns what topics interest them most, he is impressed with the fact that the men who are making Southern California are no Philistines, no materialists, no worshipers of money, no runners after the American god success, but practical idealists, who regard beauty as a value and are interested in the problems of the intellectual and spiritual life, and really believe, and act on the belief, that the life is more than meat and the body than raiment.

Near the invisible line which divides Southern from Northern California is Santa Barbara—a curious combination of the old and new. The Santa Barbara Mission among the hills is one of the greatest exemplifications of the old; the Potter Hotel on the shore is one of the most characteristic exemplifications of the new. We visited it, but did not stop at it. It is a big modern caravansary, one of the best of its type, but a type which I like to avoid. As a place in which to eat and sleep it is, I believe, all that the most fastidious could desire, at least it is so reported to me by friends who have stopped there. But, with a fatuity in even a commercial point of view which is to me incomprehensible, the proprietor cut down a beautiful grove of trees in the midst of which his hotel might have been placed, in order to leave it in the glare of the sun and the reflected glare from the beach and the ocean, and make it in situation as nearly as possible like the Eastern ocean hotels, standing on sandy beaches with no trees in sight. One could not but wonder whether, if he had had the power, he would have leveled the mountains in the background, and reduced them to sand dunes, in order to complete the parallel. I am told that he has tardily awakened to his blunder, and is about employing a landscape gardener to undo it. I hope the report is true. Santa Barbara was originally built along one long straight street, leading back from the ocean to the high land; but in recent years other streets have been laid out, so that the plan of the present city is like that of a tree, a great central stem with branches on either side. Some remnants of the old Mexican population still remain, and more reminiscences of the old Mexican occupation; but, on the whole, the old has been absorbed by the new. The attraction of Santa Barbara for the visitor is twofold—climate and scenery. Ocean, woods, and hills rising into mountains constitute a rare combination of scenery, furnishing in the immediate vicinage delightful rides and drives; and the combination of mountain and ocean air is one which my pen, at all events, refuses to attempt to describe, other than to say that in it are strangely commingled the tonic of the Maine coast and the softness and soothingness of the pine woods of New Jersey. I can well believe also what my friends in Santa Barbara assured me was the fact, that this combination gives a climate which is warm in winter, cold in summer, and comfortable without being enervating at all seasons.

Three miles from Santa Barbara, directly on the sea, is one of the most charming resorts I have ever visited. I hesitate to mention Mirama, lest by advertising it I should do something to rob it of that quality which is its chiefest charm, and also because, while it is a resort, it seems more like a private home, of which one may not speak publicly with propriety. It is a group of cottages shaded by trees, embowered in roses, encircled by the mountains a few miles back, and with the music of a quiet sea upon the beach singing the cottagers to sleep. I got an inkling of the reason for the artistic taste which characterizes this little group of homes when I was told that Mr. Doulton, the founder of the village, was a brother of that Doulton whose English ware is famed for its beauty throughout the world. His widow is the presiding genius of this ideal village, in which the charm of English rural homes, Italian sunny skies, and American mountain scenery are strangely commingled. If Mirama were not five days' railroad ride across the continent, I think I would choose it for my summer resting-place.

L. A.

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Japanese Tea-Houses and Russian Prisoners[1]

By George Kennan

Special Correspondent for The Outlook in the Far East

IT was the intention of Captain Takarabe, the commanding officer of the Manchu-maru, to run out ot the Inland Sea, after visiting the Naval Academy at Yetajima,[2] and proceed directly to the important naval base of Sasebo, forty miles north of Nagasaki on the Korean Strait. The bold descent of the Russian Vladivostok cruisers upon the coast of Japan, however, and their sudden appearance off Sasebo, directly in the line of the course that we intended to take, compelled the Government authorities in Tokyo to change the plans that they had made for us. The first news of the coming out of the Russian fleet reached us at Kure on the afternoon of June 15, but it was not fully confirmed until the following day, when, at Yetajima, we received telegraphic orders from the Imperial Headquarters not to leave the safe shelter of the Inland Sea, where we were under the protection of the forts and batteries of Moji and Shimonoseki. Instead, therefore, of going directly from the Naval Academy to Sasebo, in accordance with the original plan, we ran over to the harbor of Miyajima, a beautiful Japanese summer resort twelve or fifteen miles from Yetajima, and there anchored for the night.

Miyajima is regarded, by the Japanese themselves, as one of "the three sights" of the Inland Sea; and as we steamed slowly into the semicircular harbor, with its wooded islets, its curving sweep of sandy beach, its picturesque yellow-sailed sampans and junks, its ancient "torii," or temple-arch, standing far out in the shallow rippled water of the bay, and its splendid environment of sharp-peaked forest-clad mountains bathed in the orange glow of the setting sun, I was ready to accept the judgment of the Japanese that Miyajima presents, within a limited area, almost all of the picturesque features and charming scenic effects that have given to the Inland Sea its world-wide fame.

As seen from the deck of a steamer in the harbor, Miyajima appears to be a small cluster of white-walled, tile-roofed houses and shops, standing on a narrow strip of sloping land at the base of the mountains, in a luxuriant grove of cherry-trees, maples, and pines. In most of its architectural features, as well as in its situation, it resembles other rural villages in this part of Japan; but the absence of cultivated terraces on the mountain slopes above it, the dark-red, five-story pagoda that appears over the trees behind it, and a curious wooden gateway or arch forty or fifty feet in height, which rises out of the shallow water of the bay directly in front of it, give to it a distinctive character of its own.

As soon as we had anchored, a steam launch belonging to the military or naval establishment came off to the ship, and we all went ashore to see the place and take supper in one of the tea-houses that fringe the bay or stand back among the trees on the higher slopes of the mountains. Like all Japanese villages that I had previously seen, Miyajima was neat and well ordered, and its narrow but clean and shady streets were made interesting and attractive by rows of open-front shops, in which were tastefully and effectively displayed curios, carvings, colored photographs, inlaid boxes of native woods, small temple-drums, rosaries of etched wooden beads, canes, and all sorts of knickknacks or souvenirs for sale to tourists and pilgrims.

A short distance from the landing-place we came suddenly and unexpectedly upon a curious temple, or collection of temples, that we had not noticed from the ship, and that served to explain the

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[2] See Mr. Kennan's article in The Outlook for August 27.

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location of the wooden gateway out in the harbor, fifty yards or more from shore. The temple itself was in the water—or over it—so, of course, the "torii," or arch, through which all temples in Japan are approached, had to be in the water also. In general appearance the Miyajima temple suggested a small village of prehistoric lake dwellers, inasmuch as it consisted of six or eight separate one-story wooden houses, connected one with another by bridges, and standing on spiles in the middle of a large artificial lagoon which opened into the sea opposite the scaffold-shaped torii. The buildings and bridges were apparently of modern construction; but they were filled with grotesque colored pictures and Japanese or Chinese inscriptions on weather-worn stone or worm-eaten wood, that were evidently relics of a long-past time.

Walking through the temple and crossing one of its bridges to the land, we entered a sort of natural park of great beauty, where mountain streams of clear water ran gurgling and plashing here and there among inscribed votive tablets and carved temple-lanterns of stone; where small spotted deer came trustfully to eat out of your hands; and where, upon paying five sen for a saucerful of grain and ringing a little bell, we found ourselves suddenly covered with doves which flew to us from every direction, and alighted, two or three deep, on our heads, shoulders, arms, and hands, until we almost disappeared from sight in a cloud of fluttering wings, iridescent breasts, and coral-red feet. The tame deer and the doves are intended to amuse the Japanese pilgrims and tourists who visit the Miyajima temple in great numbers at certain seasons of the year, and also, I presume, to bring revenue to the temple itself through the sale of the grain with which doves and deer are fed.

At the end of the park that was farthest from the temple we came to the Maple Grove Tea-House—a light, two-story frame building in Japanese style, with unfurnished rooms, matting-covered floors, and sliding partitions and window-screens of wooden lattice-work or white translucent paper. Here most of the party stopped for refreshments; but Mr. Frederic Villiers, of the "Illustrated London News," and I, tired of tramping about, like Cook tourists, with the whole ship's company, decided to look up a tea-house of our own where we might have a little privacy and quiet. Returning, therefore, to the village, we picked out as probably a tea-house a building that faced the sea, over whose open front there hung a large square glass lantern inscribed with Japanese characters in black. As we walked under the eaves, to the edge of the inner floor, a middle-aged Japanese in a dark kimono and straw house-sandals got down on his hands and knees before us, saluted us repeatedly "with the forehead," after the fashion of the characters in Sienkiewicz's Polish novels, and invited us to come in. Sitting down on the edge of the inner floor, which was eighteen inches higher than the floor of the entry or shoe-removing place, we took off our dusty boots, and entered in our stocking feet the main lower room, where a neat waiting-maid, in striped kimono and broad purple waist-sash, got down on her hands and knees, and followed the example of the landlord by laying her face on the floor matting in courteous salutation and in humble recognition of our undoubtedly noble and majestic appearance. She then showed us up a flight of dark, narrow stairs into a front room which was simply but tastefully furnished with three purple irises in a slender porcelain vase. There were no tables, no chairs, no hooks for hats, no mirrors, no washing facilities, no hotel conveniences or properties of any kind; but the irises were arranged in accordance with the strictest canons of Japanese taste, and we took seats on the matting-covered floor and regarded them with respectful admiration. Before we had finished arguing the question whether, in a well-ordered tea-house, three irises should not be accompanied by more than one leaf, the girl returned with two square flat cushions, which she laid upon the floor for us to sit on, and a small open wooden box containing a hollow six-inch section of bamboo standing on end and a round jar half filled with what seemed to be ashes. Upon

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investigating this contrivance, I found that it was a Japanese smoking-box, the jar holding, under the ashes, a small quantity of smoldering charcoal, at which a cigar or cigarette might conveniently be lighted, while the joint of bamboo was intended to serve as a receptacle for cigar or cigarette ashes and ends. While we were putting this box to use, the girl went out and presently returned with a lacquered tray holding two very small and shallow cups of colorless, unsweetened Japan tea, which she knelt and presented to us, and then awaited, on her knees, the further orders of the distinguished foreigners from the Manchu-maru. We tried to explain to her, in English, French, German, Russian, and the sign-language, that we were famishing and wanted something to eat; but our polyglot efforts to be intelligible elicited nothing save a look of embarrassment and a shy Japanese giggle. "Try her with pictures, Villiers," I suggested. "You'll never put your artistic talent to better use. Draw a fish, an egg, a loaf of bread, and a bottle of beer, and I'll go through the motions of eating and drinking them. That ought to fetch her." And it did. A gleam of intelligence and pleased comprehension came into her face as she recognized the familiar objects, and with a giggle of delight she rose to her feet and rushed away to the kitchen to show the pictures to the other maids. When she returned, at the expiration of half an hour, we expected, of course, that she would bring the dinner; but she offered us, instead, two fresh and neatly folded bath-gowns, a couple of Turkish towels, and a cake of soap. "Now, Villiers," I said, "if you can't draw a fish, an egg, and a bottle of beer so that an intelligent Japanese girl won't take them for a bath-gown, a Turkish towel, and a cake of soap, you'd better go out of the illustrating business. We'll starve to death if we have to depend on your pictures."

"The pictures were all right!" he declared, indignantly, "and the dinner will come; but this girl wants us to understand that, before dining, it is the Japanese custom to bathe."

I had a stronger craving for food than for a bath; but I couldn't explain that fact to the girl, and as she was giggling and making signs to me to take off my clothing and put on the bath-gown, I weakly yielded, removed my coat and took the gown. Encouraged by this sign of acquiescence on my part, she proceeded, swiftly and deftly, to help me off with my waistcoat, shirt-collar, necktie, and cuffs, laughing all the time at the queer fastenings and attachments of my foreign dress. It soon became evident that she had no intention of stopping short of "the altogether." It was part of her duty to help guests get ready for the bath, and, from her point of view, there was no more impropriety in it than in bringing the bath-gowns and towels. In the face of her lack of embarrassment and complete unconsciousness, I myself felt ashamed of being ashamed; but puritan training proved to be stronger than foreign custom, and, when we got down to underclothing, I decided that I wouldn't bathe all over, but would compromise on a face-washing. The girl looked profoundly astonished when I declined further assistance and put on the bath-gown over my shirt; but she girded me about the waist with a sash and showed me the way to the bath-room, wondering, no doubt, at the peculiar idiosyncrasy that impelled foreign gentlemen to bathe with half their clothes on.

When we returned to the front room, there was still no sign of dinner; and, removing our cushions to the narrow balcony that overlooked the water, we sat there, with crossed legs, for two hours, looking at the boys playing with the tame deer in the street; watching the yellow-sailed sampans that came drifting across the bay before a zephyr of air from the west; and seeing the blue of the more distant mountains deepen into cobalt and purple as the long twilight slowly faded and the cicadas in the park began the shrill, pulsating chorus with which they welcome the coolness of approaching night.

At half-past nine, when the maid brought in a lamp with a high standard and a porcelain globe and set it on the floor, we were thirsty and hungry enough to drink the lamp-oil and eat the wick—and still no dinner. We nibbled a tab-

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let of chocolate that I happened to have in my shoulder-bag, and took another smoke; but we were beginning to get very faint, and when, at ten o'clock, there was no sign of food, Mr. Villiers, who had been grumbling and growling for an hour, started for the kitchen with fire in his eye. What he said and did there I don't know, but in five minutes after his return the dinner appeared—boiled eggs, fried fish, bread that had been moistened in water and then toasted, and a bottle of warm Japanese beer. We ate and drank thankfully but silently, and at half-past ten returned to the ship, firmly determined that we would never again go to a Japanese tea-house without an interpreter, and that even in that case dinner should be ordered four hours in advance.

It is the custom on the Manshu-maru to give notice of the receipt of important war news by ringing the big dinner-bell. At this signal the passengers all assemble in the saloon, where Captain Takarabe reads the despatch or despatches aloud, first in Japanese and then in an English translation for the benefit of the naval attachés and the war correspondents. About midnight on the evening of our return from the Miyajima tea-house, the clanging of the bell announced the arrival of a telegram from the front, and the passengers below, most of whom had gone to bed, rushed up in kimonos, bath-gowns, and pajamas to hear the news. The despatch was from General Oku, and announced that two and a half divisions of Russian troops, under command of General Stackelberg, had been defeated at Tehlisz, and forced to retreat northward with a loss of fourteen machine guns and several thousand men. This Russian force we believed to be the army that was marching southward to relieve Port Arthur, and we received the news of its repulse with applause and loud "banzais." Early the next morning, however, the bell rang for news of a very different nature, which came in the shape of a telegram from the Imperial Headquarters at Tokyo, informing us that two or three large Japanese transports, with troops and railway material on board, had been destroyed in the Korean Strait by the Russian squadron from Vladivostok. The sinking of these transports had more direct personal interest for us than the defeat of the Russians at Tehlisz, for the reason that it took place in the direct line of our route from Moji to Sasebo, and if we had happened to be one day earlier than we were, we probably should have shared their fate.

As we could not safely go out of the Inland Sea while the hostile Russian fleet remained in the vicinity of Sasebo, the authorities at Tokyo decided to give us an opportunity to see the Dogo Hot Springs—a pleasure and health resort on the island of Shikoku—and the Russian prisoners at Matsuyama. In accordance with this programme, we sailed from Miyajima on the afternoon of Friday, June 17, and, after a short run of two hours and a half, anchored off the large town of Mitsugahama, which is the most important seaport of Shikoku Island, and is connected with Dogo and Matsuyama by a short line of narrow-gauge railway. News of our coming had evidently preceded us, and the pier and adjacent shores were packed with crowds of people who had assembled to see us land. High Japanese noblemen, foreign naval attachés, and war correspondents to the aggregate number of sixty or more, are not seen in Mitsugahama every day, and the preparations that had been made for our reception by the local civil and military authorities had raised the curiosity and expectations of the common people to the highest pitch.

As there were no steam launches at Mitsugahama, the police had made arrangements to take us ashore in two of the large, flat native barges known throughout the East as "sampans," and, desiring to give us as much comfort and show us as much honor as possible, they had covered the long fore-and-aft seats of the rough native boats with scarlet blankets, and set through the middle of each sampan a double row of old-fashioned, straight-backed parlor chairs, upholstered in dull, purplish-red silk. American parlor chairs are not common, and look strangely out of place, in any part of the East, but in the rough, unpainted fishing-sampans of the Inland

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Sea they were as incongruous as an embroidered Japanese screen would be in an Ohio River flatboat.

When we reached the pier, we were the center of attraction for thousands of attentive and observant eyes; but there was no crowding or disorder in the dense throng that had gathered to look at us, and a clear passageway, fifty feet wide, was left open for us from the end of the pier to the jinrikishas that were waiting for us in a neighboring street. One by one we took seats in the "pull-man-cars," as Japanese 'rikishas have wittily been called, and were man-pulled, at high speed, through a long series of narrow streets and narrower alleys to the station of the Iyo Railway. People everywhere ran out of their houses to stare at us as we passed, and the intersecting cross-streets along our route were packed with gazers of all ages and both sexes. Foreigners, apparently, had not often been seen in Mitsugahama, and we were regarded by the common people with intense curiosity and interest, and often with amusement. Mr. Kann, of the Paris "Figaro"—a very large and corpulent man—happened to be just ahead of me, and I rode for more than a mile in a ripple of popular laughter, which was raised by his girth and stature, and which followed his 'rikisha from the pier to the station. The Japanese are the best-mannered and most courteous people in the world; but our dress and appearance must have seemed very strange and laughable to them, and I could understand and sympathize with their amusement, even although it was at our expense.

The Iyo Railway, which connects Mitsugahama with Matsuyama and the hot springs of Dogo, has a gauge of only about thirty inches, and its cars and locomotives seem, to a foreigner, absurdly small and toy-like. Fairness, however, compels me to admit that its charges for transportation are small in proportion. I rode, first class, almost an hour for the insignificant sum of seven and a half cents, and might have gone third class for three. Our progress, it is true, was not rapid, but one cannot reasonably expect the speed of the Empire State Express on a thirty-inch railway which carries passengers at the rate of half a cent per mile.

At all the stations where we stopped, and particularly at Matsuyama, little groups of people had assembled to see us pass, and we were met at Dogo by an attentive and observant, if not admiring, crowd of several hundred. Remembering my experience in the tea-house at Miyajima and not wishing to repeat it, I made an arrangement with a young Japanese who spoke English well—a graduate, in fact, of Yale—to look after me in the capacity of "guide, philosopher, and friend," at Dogo; show me what to do and how to do it, and instruct me generally in Japanese etiquette and customs. A young Englishman—the war correspondent of the London "Outlook"—made a similar request of him, and he good-naturedly consented to look after us both. We made up, therefore, a party of three—two Outlookers and a Japanese—and went to the Hanaya Hotel together. We were met at the entrance by the landlord and a whole bevy of nice-looking maids, who all went down on their hands and knees and greeted us "with the forehead" in the old Japanese fashion. In America it is usually the landlord or chief clerk who stands (on his dignity, at least), and the guest who has to get down on his knees; but in Japan they manage these things better. After we had removed our shoes, we were shown by one of the maids into an upper front room which was inexpensively furnished with an inscription in big Japanese letters over the door. Of other furniture there was not a suggestion. The maid, however, soon brought in cushions, a smoking-box, and three cups of colorless tea, and we spent ten or fifteen minutes in sipping the hot, unsweetened beverage and smoking cigarettes. The next thing in order was the bath; but this time I was prepared for it, When, therefore, two or three girls entered the room with towels and blue-and-white checkerboard pattern bath-gowns, and one of them came forward to help me disrobe, I submitted with the docility of an infant. I had had my lesson at Miyajima, and I did not propose to put myself again in an attitude of opposition to the long-established customs of the country. If that

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nice-looking, modest, and evidently respectable young Japanese woman didn't see any impropriety in helping me, I was not going to put the idea into her mind. *Honi soit qui mal y pense.* I only hoped that she wouldn't accidentally tickle when she adjusted the flaps of the preposterous checkerboard night-gown and girded it about my waist with a sash. If she did, I felt morally certain that I should go into convulsions of laughter.

When we had all been arrayed in bath-gowns and furnished with towels, we went downstairs in our bare feet and put on the high, stilt-like wooden clogs which the Japanese wear out-of-doors, and which are held in place by thongs passing between the first and second toes. If I had known in advance that I should have to walk two squares to the bath-house in that checkerboard gown and on those two-legged stilts, I think I should have had moral courage enough to refuse to bathe at all, even in the famous hot springs of Dogo; but the knowledge came too late, and consequently I had to go through with the adventure. I should have felt safer and more comfortable on those clogs if I could have kilted up my skirts and made use of a balancing-pole; but I managed to limp to the bath-house without losing either my equilibrium or my footgear, and, after bathing in a big stone pool with some of the most distinguished members of the Japanese House of Peers, I hobbled back to the hotel. I thought that then, at least, we should be permitted to return to our apartment and put on our clothes; but my Japanese friend said that such a course would be contrary to all Japanese custom, and that we were next to be served, in the third story of the hotel, with tea and refreshments. We climbed two flights of stairs to a large tea-room lighted by electricity, where an entirely new set of waiting-maids brought us porcelain cups of tea inclosed in covered bowls of red lacquer, and set before each of us a small plate holding a cube of red, translucent paste, or jelly, and a wooden toothpick. I naturally presumed that as there were no forks, spoons, or chop-sticks, we were expected to eat the paste with our fingers and pick it from between our teeth with the toothpicks; but upon watching my Japanese friend, I observed that he used his toothpick to separate small pieces of the paste from the cube and convey them to his mouth.

After disposing of the tea and paste, we bade the waiting-maids "saiyonara" and returned to our own apartment, just in time to receive the card of the Mayor of Dogo, who had come to call upon us and pay his respects. I was shocked at the idea of receiving, in a scant bath-gown that didn't decently cover my legs, a formal call from the Mayor of the town; but my Japanese friend said, encouragingly: "That's nothing! Do as you see me do, and it will be all right." The Mayor, a dark, keen-faced man of fifty, with intelligent eyes and closely cropped hair, presently came in and immediately dropped on his hands and knees and lowered his head to the matting. Our Japanese mentor took a similar position, and we, of course, followed his example. After a brief interval of silence, the Mayor raised his head and remarked, in substance, that the town of Dogo was greatly honored by our presence, and that he had called to pay his respects and offer his services. We ducked our heads in unison, and replied that we were greatly honored by a call from the municipal head of a town that was so well and so favorably known throughout Japan, and that we should remember his courtesy and condescension forever. What was said after that I don't know; but we Outlookers remained on our hands and knees for at least five minutes, ducking our heads every time our mentor set us the example, and looking, I have no doubt, like children in night-gowns playing a game of bunt before going to bed.

When all the formalities of perfect courtesy had been duly observed, the Mayor sat up on his heels and we curled our legs under us on our cushions; holding ourselves in readiness, however, to take a crawling attitude at a moment's notice. We presented the Mayor with our cards, and received in return a chemical analysis of the water of the Dogo hot springs, together with a paper

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entitling us to free admission to the baths. After some further conversation we all got down on our hands and knees again to exchange farewell compliments, and the Mayor retired.

At ten o'clock the maids brought in small individual tables, twelve or fourteen inches in height, and served us with a dinner, or supper, consisting of meat stew with boiled onions; raw fish (eaten in Chinese style with dark-colored vinegar); fish soup in covered bowls of black lacquer; boiled rice; Japanese omelet and hot saki. There were no table implements except chopsticks; and as I had never experimented with these Oriental substitutes for knife and fork, I dropped so many mouthfuls of raw fish and omelet on my legs and bath-gown that before I got through I looked as if my supper had fallen on me in fragments, like manna from the skies, and as if I had either failed to intercept it or neglected to pick it up.

When, at last, we finished this good but unsatisfactory meal, our Japanese mentor suggested that we should take a stroll about the town while the maids prepared our beds. I didn't really care for any more strolling in Japanese footgear; but I hated to confess that I couldn't balance myself on clogs, so I yielded, as usual, and five minutes later we were all hobbling, limping, and scraping down the main street. To my great surprise, the people whom we met hardly looked at us. In what seemed to me a perfectly quiet, unobtrusive, inconspicuous American business suit, I had been stared at and laughed at all the afternoon; but when I went limping along on high wooden clogs, bareheaded, barefooted, and in an absurd blue-and-white checkerboard bath-gown that blew open in front and exposed my naked legs to the thighs at almost every step, nobody paid the least attention to me. I was at last in harmony with my environment. After that experience, I needed no Sartor Resartus to teach me the profound significance and fundamental importance of clothes.

When we returned to the hotel, the maids had prepared our beds. They consisted of three long, thin pads laid on the floor, with small cylindrical bran pillows at the head and big wadded cotton comforters at the foot, and over them had been hung a large square grass-green mosquito-net. As we were already undressed, we had only to creep under the netting, pull the comforters up over us, and sleep.

At eight o'clock on the following morning the landlord crawled in on his hands and knees and presented his bill —$2.15 apiece for dinner, lodging, and breakfast—and at nine o'clock we took a special Lilliputian train on the Iyo Railway for Matsuyama. A heavy rain was falling when we reached our destination, and as we were driven from place to place in closed 'rikishas, we saw little of the town except the temples, halls, and improvised barracks in which the Russian prisoners were confined. We found the first lot of them in an old and rather dark Buddhist temple, filled with church properties and the figures that we are accustomed to call idols. They were all noncommissioned officers or soldiers, and had been captured in the first serious fight of the war—the battle of the Yalu. They were greatly astonished when I greeted them with "Zdrastvuitia rebatta!" (Good-morning, boys), but their faces lighted up with interest and pleasure at the sound of their own language, and they responded in unison with a cheery chorus of "We wish you health, Your High Nobility!"

"How are you getting on here?" I inquired. "Are you comfortable?"

"Da nitchevo" (it's not so bad), said a sergeant who was probably the starosta, and who stepped forward as spokesman. "Of course it's a prisoner's life, the place is rather close, and it's very tiresome; but what's to be done? Sudba!" (It's our luck.)

"What regiment did you belong to and where were you taken prisoner?" I asked.

"I belonged to a regiment of Siberian Rifles, and we were originally stationed at Port Arthur; but soon after the beginning of the war we were sent to the Yalu, and I was captured at Kulienching."

"How do the Japanese treat you?" I inquired. "They seem to me to be a

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very good sort of people, and I'm sorry you Russians are fighting them."

"They treat us very well," he said, "and I've nothing to complain of at all. I didn't come to fight them because I bore them any ill will, but I was a soldier, and when the Gossudar [the Czar] ordered me to fight, I had to fight. As you say, they seem to be very good people, and I wish them all prosperity." This sentiment seemed to have the approval of the rest of the men, who numbered seventy-five or a hundred, and the feeling hus expressed is probably that of a majority of the common soldiers of the Russian army. They have some reason for hating the Turks, but they regard the Japanese either with indifference or with the kindly interest that the Russian peasant takes in all "good people." They fight them, not because they hate them, but because the Gossudar has so ordered.

The soldiers in this temple were all from Siberian regiments, and they impressed me as a rather inferior lot of men. None of them were well developed physically, and most of them looked pallid and unhealthy, as if the conditions of their life had long been unfavorable. They seemed to have no more vigor than the exiles that I had seen in Siberian prisons and étapes. The men in the next place of confinement to which we were taken made a better appearance, so far as physical development was concerned, but were far inferior, in almost every respect, to the regular troops of European Russia and the Caucasus.

We went, successively, to three or four temples or public buildings in which common Russian soldiers were kept, but our stay in each place was so short that I had little time for inquiries. All the prisoners agreed that the Japanese treatment of them was good, but in one instance there was a complaint that on the days when rice was substituted for bread the ration was insufficient. The hospital for the sick and wounded Russians was under the management of the Japanese Red Cross, and was clean, well ventilated, and apparently in excellent condition. It contained seventy-five or a hundred patients, all of whom had mattresses on the floor, with comfortable pillows, clean linen, and soft woolen blankets. Nearly half of the whole number of prisoners were sick or wounded, but most of them were getting along well without surgical aid or special nursing.

From the hospital we were taken to see the officers, twenty-three in number, who were quartered in Matsuyama town hall. Partitions had been put up in the spacious apartment, so as to give every two men a room to themselves, and their situation seemed to be fairly comfortable. In talking with some of them, I asked them what they thought of the fighting capacity of the Japanese. "Oh, they can fight well," said a gray-haired colonel who had taken part in the Russo-Turkish campaign of 1878; "they are molodtsi [fine fellows], everybody knows that; but what sort of a chance have we had? They've outnumbered us everywhere. On the Yalu we had only eight thousand men, and they attacked with forty thousand. At Nanshan the other day they had two or three divisions, while we defended the hill with only two battalions of infantry, outside of the men who worked the guns. Think of that—two battalions against two or three divisions! Of course we were overwhelmed."

I might have reminded him that the art of war consists, mainly, in outnumbering the enemy at the point where the blow is struck, but I did not care to add to the mortification that he evidently felt over the Russian defeats. The information that I obtained from these prisoners—officers as well as common soldiers—seemed to indicate that the strength of the Russians in Manchuria at the beginning of the war, and even as late as the opening of spring, was generally overestimated. The statement made to me by the sergeant in the temple showed that they could not even strengthen the line of the Yalu without drawing troops from Port Arthur, and the complaint of the veteran colonel in the town hall that they had been outnumbered everywhere was fully justified. It is a fact, moreover, which has some significance, that all, or nearly all, of the prisoners thus far taken by the Japanese, on the Yalu, in the skirmishes

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east of Liaoyang, and in the fights on the Liaotung peninsula, belong to Siberian regiments. If any troops from European Russia have reached the scene of action, they either have not been engaged or have not happened to be captured.

The Russian officers whom we met in the town hall of Matsuyama were educated and intelligent men, and several of them looked like students. One seemed to be possessed of considerable artistic taste and ability, and at the time of our visit he was amusing himself by painting, in water colors, Japanese flowers. They all admitted that their captors were making a special effort to treat them well, and they expressed grateful appreciation of the consideration shown them. I doubt very much whether Japanese prisoners are treated as well in Russia. The Russian officers in Matsuyama receive a daily ration consisting of one and a half pounds of bread, one pound of meat or fish, one and one-fifth pounds of vegetables, and suitable quantities of tea, sugar, salt, and "appetizers." Their allowance for clothing is ample, and, in the discretion of the commanding officer, canteens may be opened for their benefit. They are permitted to have servants, chosen from the ranks, in the proportion of one servant to every two officers, and if they swear that they will not attempt to escape they are allowed to leave the "asylum" (the Japanese are too courteous to call it a "prison"), with a suitable guard, and wander about the adjacent country, going as far even as the Dogo hot springs. They may receive letters and money from their relatives and friends and spend the money as they choose. All mail matter addressed to them is exempt from postage, and their packages are admitted to the country free of duty. Finally, there is at Tokyo a special "Bureau of Prisoners," which immediately answers all questions or telegrams relating to them, and which sends to the French Legation, every ten days, for transmission to Russia, a detailed report on the health of both officers and men, with names and full particulars. Nearly all of these privileges are shared by the common soldiers, although their ration is slightly different.

The Japanese Government aims to make the lot of Russian prisoners as comfortable as possible; and, after looking through the "asylums" in Matsuyama, and making a special effort to elicit criticisms and complaints, I returned to the ship with the conviction that Russian prisoners are much better off in Japan than Russian administrative exiles are in Siberia. In other words, Japan treats her enemies better than Russia does her subjects.

Chemulpo, Korea.

In the Protestant Cemetery at Rome

By Martha Gilbert Dickinson Bianchi

'Tis here, where inland tides through cypress-trees
Flow from dream isles of soft Sicilian name,
In wave-taught accents sighing whence they came,
Weaving green songs and pagan sorceries,
That Shelley's restless heart finds dear repose
Near Keats' young dust strewn o'er with purple bloom.
No loveless rigors mortalize their tomb,
Nor wintry winding-sheet of Northern snows;
Abiding favorites of the fickle year,
Oft may the signs of vernal solstice change,
Spring and her violets will never range
From love's enamoring atmosphere,
Where stoicism wastes its chilling breath
On such as 'neath the ivy leaves be laid,
And all who wander questing in their shade,
Within these lyric haunts of summer death.

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A Mission of Peace

By Gino C. Speranza

THE departure of Adolfo Rossi, Inspector of the Royal Emigration Department of Italy, on the steamship Sardegna a few days ago, brought to a close what was in many respects a unique mission. The annual half-million excess of births over deaths in the Italian peninsula, and the awakening of her people to the necessity of new standards of life brought about by the blessings of the liberal institutions of United Italy, have made expansion both a necessity and a problem. Profiting by her African experience, Italy has given up any idea of territorial expansion, seeking rather to follow her migratory currents. The Emigration Department of Italy is the outcome of these tendencies. In no sense a colonial or imperial department, it watches over hundreds of thousands of Italians who, untried and ignorant of foreign ways, go to near and far lands in the peaceful pursuit of the arts of life.

Where there is work to be done you will find the Italian, whether it is on the Trans-Siberian Railroad as far as Irkutsk or in the gold fields of the Transvaal, on the railroads of British Columbia or the coffee plantations of Brazil. And over all these scattered groups of her sons, these "Little Italys," some of which have become centers of influence and power as in the Argentine Republic, the Italian Department of Emigration watches with intelligence and care. While such paternal interest undoubtedly tends to keep alive in the immigrants the love for the Fatherland, the Department never seeks to intermeddle as a government institution nor to induce its wards to settle temporarily abroad. "We advise the Italian laborers who emigrate to the United States," says the third Annual Report of the Department, recently issued at Rome, "to become citizens of that Republic as soon as the laws allow, that they may be able to take an active interest in the political life of the new land." And it further counsels them to avoid that excessive thriftiness which often brings upon them the contempt of their American brethren who have a higher standard of living.

Naturally, in order to have an exact knowledge of conditions abroad, the Department has to have a corps of inspectors whose duty it is to study and report; men of experience and keen observation, tactful and resourceful. Physical well-being is also an essential requisite, for an inspector may be sent, as inspectors have already been sent, to places where physical endurance is necessary for a journey—such as in the Congo, in the less settled parts of Brazil, and in southern Africa. It is nothing against the other inspectors of the Italian Emigration Department to say that Adolfo Rossi, who left us only a little while ago, is the ideal man for this important office. And the fact that his Government intrusted to him the important missions to the Transvaal, to Brazil, and to the United States, shows that his own superiors appreciate his high qualities. A fine diplomacy and tactfulness are united in him with a *bonhomie* and ready adaptability which to the unobservant may pass for slowness or lack of energy. But his keen, penetrating eyes, restless and watchful, show the man of action as well as the close observer. His long experience as a journalist and war correspondent in Africa and Greece, his own life-trials, which, with his inheritance from peasant ancestry, make him sensitive and sympathetic, contribute to make him the right man for his office. His mission to the United States, though in no way dangerous like his experience in the Brazilian *faziendas*, where he, in the guise of an immigrant, went through every hardship and brutality to which his countrymen were subjected, was infinitely more delicate.

Many of us look upon immigration as a menace to our country; some see our

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institutions threatened and our standards of life lowered by the influx of these "foreign hordes."

The advent in this country of one who came to study local conditions might easily have been interpreted by many as intermeddling in our affairs and as giving a new impulse to that immigration which many would want to restrict. But Adolfo Rossi knew the people among whom he came. Twenty years ago he had come to Colorado, a poor but determined and ambitious man. His life and observations there and in New York are given in two of his books—"The Land of the Dollar" and "An Italian in America." He knew that Americans loved fair play and open and "above-board" conduct. So he took them at once into his confidence; told them through the press how emigration was a national safety-valve for Italy's growing population; showed them how the steamship companies created an artificial emigration harmful to both Italy and America. He did not conceive patriotism as jingoism; he did not hide certain undesirable qualities in Southern immigration, nor the benefits which Italy derives from the money which is sent home by these expatriates. He went on record with the United States immigration officials as favoring joint action to prevent clandestine emigration and to save the emigrant from many abuses to which he is exposed. But having proved his sense of fairness, he did not lack the courage to point out that we too have failed in certain duties towards the newcomers.

Rossi never spoke in a feeling of criticism, and never gave an opinion without having some evidence to back it up. He called attention to the fact that our own "Passenger Act," enacted by our Government to protect immigrants, was being violated by eighty per cent. of the steamship companies. It was not a desire to say "et tu" to us, nor to have the guilty punished, but it was the sympathy in the man which revolted against the practice on steamships of feeding the steerage passengers on the floor or in their bunks, though the law explicitly said that they should have chairs and tables. It was urged that if the law was enforced the companies would have to make very expensive alterations on most steamers; to which he made the characteristic reply, "I am the policeman for the immigrants, and as such my interest is to see the laws in their behalf observed."

Mr. Rossi made a number of suggestions to the Federal immigration officials which, if carried out, would greatly benefit the immigrant as well as assure the enforcement of existing laws. I might mention the creation of boards of United States examiners at ports of departure, with the consent of the foreign government, thereby saving the hardships of deportations; reducing the number of sailings of emigrant ships from one port to three or four ships a day, so as to make inspections more thorough and efficient; the exchange of lists of deported immigrants among steamship companies, and imposing heavy penalties for reshipping such deported persons, as happens to-day.

It does not take a long period of study in New York City or Boston to learn that urban congestion by immigrants is the real danger or problem which confronts us. Distribution to rural centers is the remedy which promptly suggests itself, especially for the peasant class from which the Italian immigrant is largely recruited. But how shall it be done? Far too many solve the problem with the greatest ease—on paper. "We have so much land," some say; "they can have it for a song," forgetting that the best lands are taken and that the peasant has to live while he waits for his first crop. "The South needs farm-hands," declare others; "send these peasants there," forgetting that it is human nature even for a peasant to drift to the cities where he gets $1.50 a day rather than to go to the Southern farms where he gets only $1. And then they forget that these peasants are of an imaginative race, that the lynching of some of their people in Louisiana and Mississippi is still a deterring force. A while ago in the latter State an Italian restaurant was wrecked because the proprietor served a meal to a "nigger." The Italian appealed to the Governor, who refused to interfere, and the poor

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fellow was turned out of town. I am not taking sides on this grave problem that afflicts our country. I cite the case as an example of an effective deterring cause to a large Italian immigration to the South—for this incident will soon be known in every town and village in Italy, and the unthinking there will take it as an example of "American justice."

Adolfo Rossi, appreciating the importance of relieving urban congestion and the benefits to be derived by settling Italians in rural places, gave the larger part of his six months' stay to this very question. He visited most of the past failures and successes in Italian colonization or farming—Vineland, Tontiville, Greenville, Sunnyside, Asti. He visited old places and new—where the currents of Italian immigration have run in full waves or are only now percolating—California, Louisiana, Kansas, Tennessee, Mississippi, Texas, and the Indian Territory. I do not think I am breaking confidences when I say that Signor Rossi looks upon Texas as the most promising State for Italian immigration, with Mississippi and the Indian Territory following.

Everywhere he went he sought his information first hand. Whether it was to investigate social or economic conditions, or the character of farm lands, he looked into the facts personally. He was not satisfied with the accounts by industrial agents of railroad companies, nor by the reports of the successful men of this or that town. In many places he had the assistance of Signor Guido Rossati, the expert of the Agricultural Department of Italy residing in this country. When, in Colorado, the professional union leaders and organizers came to him to explain the mining situation, he listened to their story, but the next day he was down in the mining shafts talking to the rank and file. When, in Texas, the "notables" of some farming centers feasted him with true Sicilian hospitality, he did not forget to get up early the following day to go with the peasants to their work and see how it was done.

Last, but not least, he studied that oldest of Italian immigrant problems, the padrone system. Recognizing the conditions which make the system a necessity, if not, at times, a blessing to the Italian laborer, he saw that the true solution lay, not in destroying it, but in raising it to the dignity of an efficient and honest employment bureau on a large scale. If Italian labor needs an intermediary, let that intermediary be honest. And honest does not mean philanthropic, but businesslike in the best sense of the word. Place the better class of existing padroni under competent, honest, businesslike American administration and supervision. Make it a business investment, but an honest one. Charge the employer or laborer for the service, but not extortionately. Feed the laborer at his work, and board him, but let him have water-tight shanties and clean straw and good food at reasonable profit. Be satisfied with making ten per cent. profit instead of as much as two hundred per cent., as happens under the present system.

Signor Rossi was favorably impressed with the work of the Society for the Protection of Italian Immigrants, a New York institution, founded and administered by Americans, but supported by both Italians and Americans and subsidized by the Italian Government. He saw that the work of the physical protection of the immigrant was well organized, but that to fully defend him he must be protected from the unscrupulous padrone. The Society has a Labor Bureau which competes with the padroni, but lack of funds hampers its work in this important field. It would be no surprise if, as the result of Signor Rossi's visit, the Society should be intrusted with the work of establishing a large and efficient labor bureau, helped by the Emigration Department of Italy, and co-operating with the better class of padroni.

In his six months among us, Adolfo Rossi has accomplished a mission of peace that will have far-reaching results. Italian immigration has elements of strength for our composite Americanism. In studying its weak and undesirable elements we have overlooked the strength that may be contributed by this nation to which civilization is indebted for

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some of its greatest blessings. We have feared these uncouth and ignorant peasants because often we have not understood them, or their conditions, or their history. The coming among us of men like Adolfo Rossi, by making us see that every problem has many sides, reminds us also that all the world is kin.

Bearing this in mind, many of our National problems will be simplified, for they will be seen to be rather problems in human nature.

The Mountains[1]

By Stewart Edward White

Author of "The Forest," "The Blazed Trail," "The Silent Places," etc.

XX.—The Golden Trout

AFTER Farewell Gap, as has been hinted, the country changes utterly. Possibly that is why it is named Farewell Gap. The land is wild, weird, full of twisted trees, strangely colored rocks, fantastic formations, bleak mountains of slabs, volcanic cones, lava, dry powdery soil or loose shale, close-growing grasses, and strong winds. You feel yourself in an upper world beyond the normal, where only the freakish cold things of nature, elsewhere crowded out, find a home. Camp is under a lonely tree, none the less solitary from the fact that it has companions. The earth beneath is characteristic of the treeless lands, so that these seem to have been stuck alien into it. There is no shelter save behind great fortuitous rocks. Huge marmots run over the boulders, like little bears. The wind blows strong. The streams run naked under the eye of the sun, exposing clear and yellow every detail of their bottoms. In them there are no deep hiding-places, any more than there is shelter in the land, and so every fish that swims shows as plainly as in an aquarium.

We saw them as we rode over the hot, dry shale, among the hot and twisted little trees. They lay against the bottom, transparent; they darted away from the jar of our horses' hoofs; they swam slowly against the current, delicate as liquid shadows, as though the clear, uniform golden color of the bottom had clouded slightly to produce these tenuous, ghostly forms. We examined them curiously from the advantage our slightly elevated trail gave us, and knew them for the Golden Trout and longed to catch some.

All that day our route followed in general the windings of this unique home of a unique fish. We crossed a solid natural bridge; we skirted fields of red and black lava, vivid as poppies; we gazed, marveling, on perfect volcano cones, long since extinct; finally we camped on a side hill under two tall, branchless trees, in about as bleak and exposed a position as one could imagine. Then, all three, we jointed our rods and went forth to find out what the Golden Trout was like.

I soon discovered a number of things, as follows: The stream at this point, near its source, is very narrow—I could step across it—and flows beneath deep banks. The Golden Trout is shy of approach. The wind blows. Combining these items of knowledge, I found that it was no easy matter to cast forty feet in a high wind so accurately as to hit a three-foot stream a yard below the level of the ground. In fact, the proposition was distinctly sporty; I became as interested in it as in accurate target-shooting, so that at last I forgot utterly the intention of my efforts and failed to strike my first rise. The second, however, I hooked, and in a moment had him on the grass.

He was a little fellow of seven inches, but mere size was nothing; the color was the thing. And that was indeed golden. I can liken it to nothing more accurately than the twenty-dollar gold-piece—the same satin finish, the same

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pale yellow. The fish was fairly molten. It did not glitter in gaudy burnishment, as does our aquarium goldfish, for example, but gleamed and melted and glowed as though fresh from the mold. One would almost expect that on cutting the flesh it would be found golden through all its substance. This for the basic color. You must remember always that it was a true trout, without scales, and so the more satiny. Furthermore along either side of the belly ran two broad longitudinal stripes of exactly the color and burnish of the copper paint used on racing yachts.

I thought then, and have ever since, that the Golden Trout, fresh from the water, is one of the most beautiful fish that swims. Unfortunately, it fades very quickly, and so specimens in alcohol can give no idea of it. In fact, I doubt if you will ever be able to gain a very clear idea of it unless you take to the trail that leads up, under the end of which is known technically as the High Sierras.

The Golden Trout lives only in this one stream, but occurs there in countless multitudes. Every little pool, depression, or riffle has its school. When not alarmed, they take the fly readily. One afternooon I caught an even hundred in a little over an hour. By way of parenthesis, it may be well to state that most were returned unharmed to the water. They run small—a twelve-inch fish is a monster—but are of extraordinary delicacy for eating. We three devoured sixty-five that first evening in camp.

Now, the following considerations seem to me at this point worthy of note. In the first place, the Golden Trout occurs but in this one stream, and is easily caught. At present the stream is comparatively inaccessible; so that the natural supply probably keeps even with the season's catches. Still, the trail is on the direct route to Mount Whitney, and year by year the ascent of this "top of the Republic" is becoming more the proper thing to do. Every camping party stops for a try at the Golden Trout, and of course the fish-hog is a sure occasional migrant. The cowboys told of two who caught six hundred in a day. As the certainly increasing tide of summer immigration gains in volume, the Golden Trout, in spite of his extraordinary numbers at present, is going to be caught out.

Therefore, it seems the manifest duty of the Fisheries to provide for the proper protection and distribution of this species, especially the distribution. Hundreds of streams in the Sierras are without trout, simply because of some natural obstruction, such as a waterfall too high to jump, which prevents their ascent of the current. These are all well adapted to the planting of fish, and might just as well be stocked by the Golden Trout as by the customary Rainbow. Care should be taken lest the two species become hybridized, as has occurred following certain misguided efforts in the South Fork of the Kern.

So far as I know, but one attempt has been made to transplant these fish. About five or six years ago a man named Grant carried some in pails across to a small lake near at hand. They have done well, and, curiously enough, have grown to a weight of from one and a half to two pounds. This would seem to show that their small size in Volcano Creek results entirely from conditions of feed or opportunity for development, and that a study of proper environment might result in a game fish to rival the Rainbow in size, and certainly to surpass him in curious interest.

A great many well-meaning people who have marveled at the abundance of the Golden Trout in their natural habitat laugh at the idea that Volcano Creek will ever become "fished out." To such it should be pointed out that the fish in question is a voracious feeder, is without shelter, and quickly landed. A simple calculation will show how many fish a hundred moderate anglers, camping a week apiece, would take out in a season. And in a short time there will be many more than a hundred, few of them moderate, coming up into the mountains to camp just as long as they have a good time. All it needs is better trails, and better trails are under way. Well-meaning people used to laugh at the idea that the buffalo and wild pigeons would ever disappear. They are gone.

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The Bamboula

By Henry C. Rowland

FROM the deck of the ship the night seemed split into three zones of darkness: the vague water with its elusive surface sheen; the heavier murk of the land, which was not black, but a deep tone of color impalpable from lack of light; then the sky, which was all that was left and rested prone upon the other two with no intermediary separation.

I leaned on the rail and tried to pick out the features of the land; a pale band of beach crept out of the opacity, and it seemed to me that I could see dark splotches where the *compèche* was piled. Now and then a light would spark out and disappear, in many cases its swinging motion proving it to be a torch carried in some black fist. A thin land-breeze had sprung up, and it brought off the scent of the damp earth, whiffs of wood-smoke, and now and then the heavy fragrance of the stephanotis. Deeper in the gloom tossing hills threw their rough shoulders against the opaque sky.

Suddenly, from a shadowy recess in the black land there arose the steady beat of a drum; a pulsing, cavernous sound, measured in rhythmic time, neither loud nor fast; a patient sound, yet a note impalpable in quality; insistent and seeming like the throbbing heart-beat of the savage island sleeping under the black mantle of the night.

There came an alert step on the deck behind me, and a throaty voice with the hint of a German accent remarked at my shoulder:

"The bamboula!"

It was Dr. Leyden who spoke; a shipmate whom I had met the day we both went aboard at Demerara. He had just come down the Essequibo, after three months' orchid-hunting in the bush; an interesting man, who was by profession what one might call a "market-naturalist." By that I mean that he was one of these not ultra-scientific collectors who can tell a rare specimen when they see it and who do the outdoor work of the "closet naturalist," in whose place they get the fever and to whom they are ready to sell fame at so much per bone, or bug, or plant. He had been everywhere, barring the populous communities, and was at home with all primitive peoples. "No, Doctor," he said to me one day, "I speak very few languages, no more than nine or ten, but I am acquainted with a great many dialects!" He could acquire an ordinary savage dialect in about a month.

"What is it?" said I, in answer to his remark. "A dance?"

"Perhaps—it sounds like it. There are but few lights yonder in the village, and there are torches moving on the mountain-side. Wait—let us see."

Just below us a shore-boat was hanging to the staging at the foot of the accommodation-ladder, waiting, no doubt, to take some visitors ashore. Leyden called down to them in Créole, asking if there was to be a dance that night. One of the men replied somewhat sulkily that there was not.

"A minute," said Leyden, turning to me. He slipped below, and directly I heard what appeared to be the voice of a Haytian stevedore coming from one of the freight-ports. A boatman in the bow replied guardedly, and for a few minutes there was a conversation in low tones. Soon it ceased, and Leyden rejoined me.

"There is to be a dance," said he, "but it is a small affair."

"Was that you, talking from below?" I asked.

"Yes. I stood back in the shadow, and the fellow thought that he was speaking with one of the black gang. They do not like to discuss the bamboula with *leblancs*."

"Your imitation was extraordinary. If I had not suspected what you were up to, I could have sworn that it was one of the Haytian boatmen talking. You must have lived in this country."

"It was but three months, and that several years ago. I came here to

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catch snails. There was an experience; a thing odd and uneven. It is possible that you would be interested—listen!" He held up one hand.

From out of the illusive velvety depths that marked the contours of the tumbling hills came monotonously the "tom-tom-tom-tom-tom-tom-tom," now rising with the puff of the land-breeze, waning slightly yet unvarying as the swing of a pendulum. With it came the night smells of flowers drenched in dew and the moldy reek of the tropic woods.

"Smell it!" said Leyden. He leaned both elbows on the rail and dropped the butt of his cigar into the black water, where it drowned with a spiteful little hiss. "The 'bamboula'—the smell of the trees and the stephanotis—ach, how it seems as if it were last night! That bamboula, with its tom, tom, tom! First it is quaint, then it is a nuisance, then irritating, then fascinating, and last of all it maddens. To think that such a people should have learned the secret of repeated concussions on a single group of brain-cells—'

"You have heard it before?" I interrupted, for I knew all of this he was telling me and wanted his story.

"Yes. It was when I was here five years ago looking for the snails. I was crossing on a French boat, and the second day out I met the Doctor and Madame Fouchère. He was a Haytian, a *marabout*, an Adonis carved out of jet, for you know that breed are of a type magnificent, and hold their fineness of skin and feature far into advanced age. He was an intelligent man, highly educated and skilled in his profession. I learned afterwards that he was the left-handed son of a former President by a *marabout* woman; one of the usual cases of *placage* of those high in official circles. Fouchère had been educated in France, and after talking with him for a while one forgot that he was black; yet I will confess to a sense of shock when he presented me to Madame.

"She might easily have passed for pure French. I fancy that I was the only person aboard who could see the outcrop of African—or, to be polite, Haytian. She was charming in manner and appearance, inclined to be fair, with blue eyes and that dusky blonde hair which will defy any pedigree. Her face was pretty, rather piquant, and her figure svelte and full of grace. Altogether she was most attractive and not lacking in a certain *chic*, but there was a furtive expression about her eyes like that which I have noticed in the eyes of a trained lioness.

I talked with the Fouchères many times during the voyage, and learned that since their marriage they had lived in Paris and were returning to Hayti for the first time. Madame, it appeared, although Haytian by birth, had been sent to a convent school in France when a mere child and had not visited her native country since then.

"The day after our arrival in New York we sailed for Hayti by the Dutch Mail. By this time I had grown to know them quite well. A very honest fellow, Fouchère; different from the average educated Haytian—but then he was of quite a higher type. On parting at Port-au-Prince, he made me promise to visit them before I left the island."

Leyden paused and shifted his position, leaning back against an awning stanchion and hooking the fingers of one hand over the bolt-rope above his head. The night had darkened, for a heavy cloud-bank had drifted across to shroud that part of the sky where the late moon would rise. It welded to itself the dim broken outline of the mountain-tops and gave to the sable contour of the land the sinister aspect of looming almost to the zenith—and all the while from somewhere just beneath the surface came the hollow, rhythmic beat of the bamboula.

"Enough to drive one *loi*," muttered Leyden.

I heard a rustling from the shore-boat lying to the staging. The crew were softly picking up their oars.

"They are getting restless, those fellows below. They cannot stand it long, this night and that noise. Ho! they are shoving off without their fares." He leaned over the rail and hailed the boatman in Créole.

"*Ou ça v'aller?*" he called, with a trace of irony. They paid no attention.

"*Attention, mon cher! Ou ça v'aller?*" he called, peremptorily.

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"*Ça ou dit!*" growled one of the men, sulkily.

"*Côté bamboula la?*" called Leyden. They began to row again without answering, but it seemed to me that I caught a mutter which sounded like "*nère vous écrasse!*"

Leyden chuckled. "Like master like man in this savage country," he remarked, absently. "But I was telling you about Fouchère. When I had got my snails and a beetle or two, I remembered my promise to Fouchère and looked him up. He had a nice place, for Hayti, up at La Coupe. I sent word that I was coming, the day before, and one of his servants came down the mountain on horseback, with a note from Madame expressing herself as charmed. I went up the following forenoon. You know what the journey is from Port-au-Prince to La Coupe: six miles of steady upward strain by two emaciated, dying ponies, along a road which the rains had made the dry bed of a torrential cataract; a half-wrecked surrey fastened together with ropes, two of the wheels on wrong side before, the bush turning in the hub of one of them and screaming like a soul in torment; bad sights and bad smells at every hand, and all about you scenery which seems almost as divine as the Garden of Paradise.

"When finally I arrived, feeling like the pea in a tin whistle, the Fouchères were awaiting me; and when Madame led me through the house to the veranda in the rear, whence one got the full magnificence of the view of the green valley stretching away to Port-au-Prince, the sparkling blue of the bay, the vivid green of the mountains rising behind Bisoton, and far in the distance the cloud-capped island of Gonave, I felt amply repaid for the sun and the dust and other trials of the trip up.

"Our *dejeuner* was very good, though, like even the best in Hayti, falling just a little short of being clean, and later in the day Dr. Fouchère ordered his ponies saddled, and we rode higher up the mountain to a point whence we were able to enjoy a magnificent view of the bay on one side, and the big lakes which form part of the geographical boundary between Hayti and Santo Domingo on the other.

"We dined at six, for the Haytians retire early, when they retire at all. After dinner, as we sat upon the veranda with our cigars, I became conscious of a certain lack of repose on the part of both my host and hostess. Madame was obviously making an effort to be at ease, yet all of the time it seemed to me that she was under a certain tension; alert, expectant, and a little restive—as one listens for summons—or fears that perhaps it may have passed unobserved. Dr. Fouchère was also distrait, and several times I noticed that he turned his head sharply to one side, as if striving to catch some hidden sound.

"It was such a night as this; dark, still, partially clouded, but with stars and a late moon. At times there would be a flare of lightning in the south, but the five o'clock shower had come and gone, and there would be no more rain. I was narrating an experience in Java, and they appeared to be interested; then, as I talked on, there came pulsing up from the valley beneath the slow, measured beat of a bamboula.

"I heard a rustle from the *chaise-longue* occupied by Madame; the dull glow at the end of Dr. Fouchère's cigar blazed suddenly bright, then died away again.

"I went on with my story, but all of the time that wretched drum was sounding its even, tireless beat, and although a good way off, there was something insistent about the noise which refused to be ignored. As I talked on it began to set a time for my speech, and I found myself unconsciously trying to adjust it to my words, or, more properly, to adjust my words to *it*. Some people have a more distinct perception of time and rhythm, just as some have a keener musical ear, and I have both. The result was that before long I began to get a bit confused, missed the point of my anecdote, and finished lamely and with some anger.

"'Will that fellow never finish beating that drum?'" I demanded impatiently of my host. Of course I had heard such instruments before during my sojourn in the country, and had often noticed the

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children thumping them in the daytime, so that the sound had no especial significance for me.

"The lighted end of Dr. Fouchère's cigar glowed suddenly again, then he remarked: 'I am afraid that noise will go on all night, Dr. Leyden. I understand that the peasants are having one of their dances to-night.' He slightly emphasized the word peasants.

"'The bamboula?' I asked, curiously, for of course I knew of the rites attendant upon Voodoo worship, although I had never witnessed them.

"'Yes,' he answered; 'one of my servants told me this evening that there was to be a dance to-night. This relic of paganism is one of the curses of our country, Dr. Leyden. Although we whites have done our best to discountenance it, it still persists.'

"Unlike most Haytians of the better class, who pretend to a black aristocracy socially superior to the white, Dr. Fouchère always referred to himself as white, although a blacker man never walked in the full blaze of the equatorial sun. No doubt this was due to his prolonged residence among the white race.

"'Is the affair, then, as bad as it is painted?' I inquired, for I had heard some very somber stories of the bamboula.

"He hesitated for an instant, and in the pause my ear caught the click of Madame's little slipper tapping the floor to the time of the distant drum.

"'It is primitive,' replied my host. 'A virile people do not forget in a day the customs of centuries.' He paused again, and as before I heard the click-click of Madame's slipper marking the beat of the drum.

"'Perhaps Dr. Leyden is fatigued and would wish to retire,' she suggested. 'One rises early—'

"'Indeed,' I protested, 'I am accustomed to sleep but little, but pray do not let me keep you and Dr. Fouchère from your repose.' To tell the truth, the thought of lying on a bed and counting the strokes of that infernal drum was terrifying to me.

"There was another brief pause, but in the interval I heard Fouchère's fingers softly tapping the rail in concert with the drum and the slipper of Madame."

Leyden paused and stared into the viscid water beneath. The land-breeze was fanning steadily now; the regular pulses of sound had swelled in volume, but the interval was unchanged.

He continued without looking up. "'*Dernière mornes, gagner mornes,*'" as the Haytian proverb has it," he sighed. "But I did not guess what was behind their solicitude for my comfort. Fouchère politely denied any wish to retire, and Madame said that she would wait a little longer before asking to be excused.

"'Come, we will smoke a fresh cigar,' said Fouchère, presently. He clapped his hands, but no servant appeared.

"'The rascals are all out,' he said, apologetically. 'If you will pardon me, I will go myself.'

"I turned to Madame. 'Do you not find some of these customs rather terrifying?' I asked; 'and this country, with its glaring sunlight and impenetrable shade; its rank, exuberant, primordial peoples—' I heard her give a short gasp in her throat; then she turned to me, bringing her white face with its delicate features and great luminous eyes close to mine.

"'They *live!*' she answered, in a low, fierce voice. 'They *live*, and *feel*, and their blood runs—'

"She sank back, and at this moment Dr. Fouchère returned and offered me a cigar, which I took thankfully, for I wanted to drown the sensual smell of plant and fern wafted from the woods beneath and the maddening odor of the stephanotis growing in the garden at our feet. If he had offered me strong drink, cognac, absinthe, or even opium, I might have taken it too, for there was something in the darkness of the night that blinded the reason, and voices in the soft air and scent-laden breeze that called insidiously to the senses; and all the while droned on the amphorous note of the drum, though now it seemed to come from the inside, impelling one to fervid action.

"'Those fools will dance and drink and revel to-night,' growled Fouchère, 'and to-morrow there will not be one in the village fit to stand upon his feet.'

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"'Then,' said I, with an attempt at jocularity, 'they may seek your professional advice.'

"'No,' he muttered, 'they will go to the *papa-loi*—the priest—the arch-devil—'

"There was a swift rustle, and Madame had leapt to her feet and was pacing the veranda with clinging, cat-like steps. I arose.

"'I am fatigued from sitting still,' she explained, with a light but nervous laugh. 'See, the moon is rising.'

"I glanced toward the east, and saw a dull yellow glow before which the low stars paled. Madame permitted herself another turn of the veranda, and as she passed the banded shaft of light which smote through the jalousies from the illuminated room, I noticed that her slim fingers were closing and opening as if she were in pain. Her light footsteps fell in unison with the beat of the bamboula.

"My host and I talked on of different things, and still Madame paced back and forth, and every time she passed the barred zone of light I saw the white fingers writhing in and out, and at times clutching the light fabric of her skirt in a grip that left it creased and seamed—and still the drum beat on and on. Fouchère's manner of speech had changed; his statements were short and arbitrary, as if challenging contradiction; his chair had come down to all four legs, and he sat bolt upright, tense, together, as if prepared to spring upward at a bound. As the light over the mountain glowed brighter, I could see the silhouette of his straight back against the sky, as straight and cleanly cut as one of the posts of the veranda.

"Soon Madame paused in her promenade, and, walking to the rail, gazed at the glowing light in the sky, and as she stood, the drum, partially drowned before by her light step and the swish of her skirts, welled out resonantly. I glanced at her curiously. It was still too dark to clearly distinguish her features, but a naturalist, or more properly perhaps a collector, can see things to which better eyes than his are blind, and it seemed to me that I caught a swift quiver as it flashed across her mobile face. Suddenly she turned.

"'I think that I shall beg to be excused,' she said in a low voice. 'The heat of the day has fatigued me, and the night air is cool and promises refreshing sleep. Would not Monsieur wish also to retire?'"

Dr. Fouchère arose as if to show me to my room. I had no desire to go to bed, for I did not think that I could sleep, but, following the line of least resistance, I went.

"Lying on my bed, with that old and jaundiced moon peering through the window and the whole earth wrapped in the stillness of utter space, the bamboula, which had never ceased, seemed pounding at the portals of my brain. Have you ever, after a day of almost superhuman physical exertion—say a long march through the jungle carrying a double pack—lain too tired to sleep, and listened to your overtaxed heart pounding its pulse against your eardrums? No? Well, it is hard to say what else that drum was like. It appeared, too, to have grown louder, although the time continued to be exactly the same.

"Before long I dozed a little, but the drum beat on, weaving weird and distorted pictures. I saw the stark, whirling figures glistening ebony-red in the lurid firelight, the outer circle of fantastic shadows gyrating in a wider arc; the flash of flames between the circling shapes—others partly hidden—watching from the black hollows between the buttressed boles of the trees. The old, old rites—bursting out in this civilized era like embryonic cells in the adult—cancer-cells—you understand, Doctor. Later on, the sickly yellow moon, high in the zenith, its pale light quenching that of the dying embers of the fire and waning itself before the dawn. The things it looked down upon—the heaving figures of the devotees—and all about the pure, sweet peace of the tropic night!

"'Tom-tom-tom-tom-tom-tom-tom-tom!' went the drum, and then I awoke with a shiver and began to dress. I stepped to the window for added light, and other noises than those of the drum welled up from the valley beneath. Air was stirring, and it blew through my

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jalousies and filled the room with the smell of the stephanotis.

"Quietly as a cat I slipped down the stairs and out into the night. Not a sound, not a flicker of light came from any of the little houses in the village. I followed the road down the mountain for a way, and then, as I am a tracker and the moon was well up, I found a path which others had taken since the dew. It skirted the hill, then dipped abruptly into the jungle.

"It was easy to guess its course, for with my bushman's education I saw that many persons had traveled that trail since sunset. Down it went, twisting and turning, this way and that, but all the time the beat of the drum, though muffled by the heavy foliage, was growing nearer and nearer.

"It was dark in the jungle, but the moon was up, and there were open spaces here and there. The smell of the smoke—and another smell—were in the air, and I was growing wary and looking for sentries, when my eye was caught by something white hanging to a thorn. I loosed it and held it in a moon ray—and recognized a fragment of the gown worn that night by Madame Fouchère."

Leyden stopped speaking, then began to hum a little German doggerel. Down below the visitors were saying good-night, and I could hear the men kissing each other on their thick lips. "*Ah, mon cher!*" they kept saying. "*Oh—oh, mon cher!—Oh, m'cher!*" Then there would be a rattle of very good Parisian French, because the better classes pride themselves upon their elegance of speech.

"And then?" said I presently to Dr. Leyden. He threw out his hands with a Teutonic gesture of disgust.

"*Ach!*—then I went back, of course. I found a muddy spot in the open, just to make sure, and I saw that Fouchère had passed also. He wore the latest French boots—Madame was still in her high-heeled French slippers at twenty francs the pair."

He turned to me with a languid air. "One does not spy upon one's host and hostess during their religious devotions, you know. You understand, Doctor. Those things are not quite—shall we say, dignified? Besides—by the way, have you a cigar, or shall I ring? Ah, thanks! As I was about to say, the thing had lost its—its glamour! Madame was too nearly white! It was the primitive element that had so strongly appealed to me—not the hyper-æsthetic! One need not go to Hayti for that. Fouchère belonged at the party, perhaps—but Madame—

"No, I went back, and the sound of a bamboula has never since been able to strike a sympathetic chord in me—but I detest the odor of the stephanotis!"

Peterborough Cathedral in New Hampshire

By Mary G. Slocum

This old Cathedral is not widely known
Like that which bears its name across the sea,
But nobler hundredfold it seems to me
Than any that has yet been wrought from stone.
Its Architect for ages long has been
Its Builder, too; and still in silence grows
Beneath His hand the lofty vault that shows
Us bits of heaven through the living green.
From the tall pine-trees gentle breezes bring
Forth organ tones, a constant call to prayer,
While hidden in the branches everywhere
The choirs of birds from earliest matins sing.
And He who made man so he needs must pray
Is priest within this temple every day.

Peterborough, New Hampshire.

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Pea-Picking and Human Nature

By H. M. C.

THERE are hundreds of children from East Buffalo who enjoy the privilege of living outdoors from the first of July until the first of September. These favored ones are the children of the pea-pickers. On the twenty-eighth of June a special train arrived in a town in Genesee County, with nearly one thousand Polish pea-pickers and more than one hundred children too young to work.

Lined up near the station were about fifty hay-rack wagons, ready to take the pickers to the seven camps in that locality. As soon as the train stopped, women and children started for the wagons, each with a bundle as large as could be carried. A child six or seven years old might be seen carrying a baby just beginning to walk, while the mother staggered under the weight of a heavy bundle, the men having gone to the baggage-car, which was packed to its greatest capacity.

As there are the early and the late peas, it makes a continuous crop for two months. Were you to enter the field during the harvest-time, you would see a long line of pickers—men, women, and children—standing side by side, each with a tin bucket and a large sack, into which the bucket is emptied as soon as filled. The picker takes hold of a vine, pulls it from the ground, picks off the pods, and throws the vine behind him, thus doing away with the necessity of bending over at his work. One old woman was sitting upon the ground with a pile of the vines beside her, evidently too feeble to stand all day. From one hundred and twenty-five to one hundred and fifty pickers standing side by side make a long line, and one can readily see the ground that can be covered in a day. The price paid for picking one hundred pounds is forty cents, for which metal checks are given, which are cashed at the end of the season.

Many amusing, tragic, and pathetic incidents occur during these weeks of camp and field life. One poor woman, wishing for a little extra coffee, undertook to make it in a glass jar. There was an explosion—she was badly burned and bruised, and was hastened to town to receive medical attention. As I wandered through the field watching the pickers, I saw a young woman go to a pile of vines, bend over it, and come back smiling. Curious to know why she did it, I examined the pile. Greatly surprised was I to find a baby fast asleep, entirely covered except its tiny face. The mother came to me as if she feared I might steal her treasure. I asked her, with signs and waving my hands, if she did not fear that the great wagons, as they came to gather up the sacks of peas, would run over her baby. She smilingly shook her head, and, pointing to her eyes and then to an approaching wagon, gave me to understand that she was watching.

The children too young to work amuse each other. Two little tots scarcely six years old started along the road, near the pickers, gathering flowers. Very happy were they as they toddled along, chattering in their foreign tongue. Presently we heard childish screams and ran to learn the cause. We found the children at the turn where three roads met. Out of sight of the pickers were they, alone—lost. We tried to tell them how to find their mother; this only added to their fright. Soon we met two anxious mothers talking excitedly, and told them where to find the children, but they only talked and waved their hands. One of them was crying. Alas! to each of us the other's language was simply gibberish. I took hold of the one who seemed the most calm and started her toward the children, waving my hand in that direction. They walked rapidly, and presently, hearing the cries, began to run. As we were walking slowly we met them returning to the field, one little hand closely clasped in the mother's while the other held tightly the precious flowers

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that had cost them such a fright. They were all talking happily, and smiled brightly at us as they passed.

Day after day great wagon loads of sacks filled with pea-pods are taken to the canning factory, where they are prepared for market. Interesting, indeed, is the process of canning peas. First the pods are run through a machine which seperates them from the peas. Another machine cleans them and separates the large and small ones, making a first and second class quality. From that they go into another where they are steamed; then into the most wonderful machine of all, which is fed with three materials—cans, peas, and brine—turning out the filled cans. These are carried on to the next machine, the tops being put on by hand on the way. There they are soldered; then taken to the finishing-room, where they are labeled and packed for shipping.

Talking one day with a little girl, whose sister works in the finishing-room, I was amused at her logic.

"I can't see where all the new boys come from who carry off the swell-heads," she said.

"What are the swell-heads?" I questioned.

"Don't you know what the swell-heads are?" She looked at me with eyes that expressed surprise, then went on: "Why, they are the pea-pods that haven't anything in them. They go through the machine and come out whole."

"The boys come and carry them off?" I inquired.

"Yes," she replied. "The boys play on the pile of empty pods and they see the swell-heads, and think they are full of peas. They hurry and fill all their pockets and caps and run for home. Every time I go to the factory I see boys there filling up with swell-heads. I can't see where they all come from."

"Perhaps they are the same boys," I remarked.

"Oh, don't you believe it," said the little maiden. "Boys ain't such big fools as that."

One morning one of the girls was three minutes late. The manager ordered her time-card punched for 7:30, making her lose a half-hour. She promptly went outside and sat on the door-step until 7:29, and then began work. A few mornings afterward a young man came in two minutes late. The manager ordered his time-card punched for 7:30. He walked straight to the office, handed in his time-card, and demanded his pay.

The same wise little maiden, in commenting on it, said: "Boys do things so different from girls, but I think Jennie got the best of it."

As the young man's position was immediately filled and the young woman received pay for all the time she worked, one might—at first thought—agree with her. When I related the incident to another young man, he remarked: "That way is well enough for girls, but a boy wouldn't do a thing like that."

Is there, after all, so great a difference between a manly young man and a womanly young woman?

Dodge's Napoleon[1]

WHEN Professor Sloane's scholarly "Life of Napoleon" was submitted to the world, his readers discovered, somewhat to their surprise, that there had remained something new and interesting still to be said about a personality whose career had already engaged the attention of a larger number of writers than any other figure in modern history. They found that, notwithstanding the thousands of separate works devoted to the life and achievements of the great Corsican, there was room remaining for a broad, philosophical study of the effects of his influence upon the political and social institutions of mankind. Nor was Professor Sloane's the last American word concerning the intensely dramatic character of which it treats, for in the ex-

[1] *Napoleon: A History of the Art of War from the Beginning of the French Revolution to the End of the Eighteenth Century.* By Theodore Ayrault Dodge, Lieutenant-Colonel United States Army, Retired. In 4 vols. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

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traordinary work of Lieutenant-Colonel Theodore Ayrault Dodge, U. S. A., retired, the first two volumes of which are now at hand, the author has undertaken and carried half-way to completion a project which seems destined to rank among the masterpieces in the rich and varied literature of Napoleon.

Colonel Dodge's "Napoleon," of which two volumes are yet to come, is in continuation of his "Great Captains," and was originally meant to be the sixth and last number in that splendid series of historical studies. The others, named in the order of their sequence in Colonel Dodge's plan, were Alexander, Hannibal, Cæsar, Gustavus Adolphus, and Frederick the Great, or, as the author reverently terms him, "Frederick the Only," to whom the laurels worn by Gustavus Adolphus rightfully descended. Colonel Dodge explains that his story of Frederick's campaigns was completed several years ago, but that he has withheld it because a vast amount of valuable matter not then available has since been made accessible through the publication by the great German General Staff of the early volumes of its extensive treatise. In order to embody in his own work much of the important matter thus brought within his reach, Colonel Dodge decided to wait until the publication of the German archives was completed, the result being an interruption of the chronological sequence of the numbers of the series and the awarding to Napoleon of the place he had assigned to Frederick the Great in the series of "Great Captains."

The special study to which Colonel Dodge has applied himself in this great work is the military life of Napoleon. The political events of the era are touched upon only so far as necessary to give color and perspective; the personality of Napoleon himself is brought into the light only incidentally, and the narrative as a whole is largely a critical analysis of a soldier's methods, motives, and achievements. Before introducing the central actor, however, Colonel Dodge presents a study of the French Revolution and its military lessons which has no parallel in the history of that hideous and long-drawn tragedy. In the nine years of incessant fighting that followed the opening of the French Revolution, France developed the methods, forged the implements, and gradually established the military system with which, under the leadership of the poverty-stricken young Corsican, she was presently to defy the armies of the world. The royal army of France, corrupt and inefficient, was succeeded by a National Guard for home defense and a levy of the people for active armies. Every male citizen was liable to military service, the country became a nation of soldiers, and, profiting partly by the lessons of the American Revolution and partly by those of the early wars in Europe, there was evolved in France a definite art of war which in the main has controlled military operations among civilized nations down to the present day. French officers, including Lafayette and Rochambeau, who had seen service in the American Revolution, taught the troops of France to imitate the open-order fighting of the sharp-shooting farmer-soldiers of America, and this led to the development for the first time in Europe of large bodies of light infantry trained to fight in open order, and the creation of battle columns to charge with the bayonet. The almost fanatical patriotism of the French people found coherent expression in a marvelous improvement in every branch of the military service, and the increasing self-confidence of its supporters was curiously illustrated in the proclamation issued by the Convention in 1792, offering the assistance of France to any people desirous of throwing off the yoke of their existing government. Nor was this audacious challenge to all Europe entirely unwarranted by actual conditions. The wars of the French Revolution up to that time had shown that France could hold her own against the Coalition. Belgium had been conquered, Nice and Savoy had been added to the French dominions, and Mainz, a salient on the Rhine in the enemy's country, had been captured. Up to the battle of Valmy, which Colonel Dodge pronounces one of the "Decisive Battles of the World," the French recruits were lacking in *morale*, but after Valmy they

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were ready to face the world. Every available man in France was in arms, and had learned his lesson in the ranks. The people thrilled with military ardor. France had proved able to defend her frontiers against all Europe. Years of relentless warfare under harsh and sometimes cruel but in the main wonderfully capable organizers and leaders had transformed her sons into the most effective and the best-provided military force in Europe.

Following a painstaking analysis of the military lessons of the French Revolution, of which only a hint is given here, Colonel Dodge devotes a single brief chapter to the origin, boyhood, and early training of Napoleon, and then brings the latter into the foreground as a young and impecunious but highly capable major of artillery in the French campaign for the capture of Toulon in 1793. From that point the two volumes before us bring his career down to the battle of Friedland, from which certain historians, including Wartenburg, date the beginning of Napoleon's decline as a master of strategy. Throughout this remarkable work, distinguished alike by breadth of view, thoroughness of research, and clearness of statement, all elements are subordinated to the study of the central figure as a military leader. The non-military events of the time are dealt with only incidentally and solely as they help to maintain a dramatic unity of narrative, and for purposes of which the author says: "More space has been given to the strategic operations of Napoleon than to the grand tactics of his battles. Wonderful as the latter were, the strategic marches were yet more so. They are not in most histories so amply treated, whereas the keynote of Napoleon's successes was that his strategy so led up to battle that victory became decisive; and to the military student the strategic maneuvers are of perhaps greater interest."

It is interesting, therefore, to observe that Colonel Dodge devotes much of his work to comparisons of the strategy of Napoleon with the strategy of others of the "Great Captains," and especially with the strategy of Frederick. Yet Frederick's battles were unlike those of Napoleon. "In Frederick's typical battles the army as a whole was set in motion by the King, and each and every part was maneuvered by the King and remained within his grasp. So dependent was one part on the other that when one step in the maneuver went wrong the entire maneuver went wrong, and the battle was lost. But with the victory of Austerlitz Napoleon inaugurated 'the era of great battles,' and a new order of campaigns began." In the Napoleonic battle, Colonel Dodge continues, the center may be broken while a wing wins the victory; one wing may be turned and the other destroy the enemy at the keypoint. So strongly is this the mark of the modern battle that one may almost say that a bait is offered the enemy by permitting him a partial success on one part of the field for the purpose of overwhelming him in his hour of supposed triumph in a more decisive part. The new battle is on a more magnificent scale than the old, though no more perfect of its kind. And in the new the leader no longer has control of his maneuvering. He can give his troops, and especially the reserves, the direction which they shall take to enter into the seething mass of battle; he can choose the moment for sending them in; but once in, he cannot recall a given corps of a certain column. This difference in the battles makes the holding back of reserves all the more essential. Inasmuch as once launched a corps cannot be recalled, it becomes imperative to hold back reserves for use if needed, and not to put them in until needed. At the critical moment the reserves may turn the tide of disaster or may win the laurels of victory.

"It has been asked," says Colonel Dodge, "what Napoleon would have done had he been beaten at Austerlitz. As an offset to this, it has been asked whether any captain, at the moment he fought one of his great battles, ever thought of lines of retreat. This is no answer, for as a matter of fact they all did so. Although tactical victory cures many strategic errors, war cannot be conducted on so risky a basis. And Napoleon was peculiarly careful of watching his rear. 'For,' as Bourrienne

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says, 'before he delivered battle, Napoleon paid little heed as to what he would do in case of failure.' Until he committed the grave errors of the Russian campaign, Napoleon's scrupulous care as to his movements if defeated was always apparent. It was so even in Russia; but the stupendous conditions overwhelmed him."

The limitations of space preclude a review in detail of this remarkable work, but enough has been quoted from the author's account of the momentous campaign of 1805 to indicate his general purpose and method. His history is essentially the achievement of a military specialist, and while largely technical in character, it is so rich in accumulated material and so lucid in treatment of that material that no thoroughgoing student of Napoleon's career can afford to ignore it. It is not too much to say that in this work Colonel Dodge has written the best military history of Napoleon that has ever been published in the English language.

The Fight for Canada[1]

FROM the very day of its birth, all but three centuries ago, the humble trading-post to which the intrepid Champlain gave the name Quebec has been a home of romance. Only a few years and it had become the keystone of French empire in the New World. Thence issued the De la Salles and the Tontis, to track the pathless wilderness and extend the oversea dominions of their temporal master; thence the Marquettes, the Joliets, the Brebœufs, to carry the gospel of the Cross to the children of the forest; thither, with the flower of French chivalry, floated, unhappily, the scum of French courtierdom, to transform the Gibraltar of America into a replica of Versailles, to rend the vitals of New France, to compass the destruction of the old régime. Of all the epochs in the history of old Quebec none has proved, and justly proved, more inviting to the chronicler of fact or fancy than the period which saw its culmination in the blood-swept Plains of Abraham; which heard, with the last words of Montcalm and of Wolfe, the death-knell of French supremacy by land and by sea. The cliff-kept city o'erfrowning the majestic St. Lawrence has been the theater of many a stirring event, but of none so momentous as the entrance of the British Grenadiers and the three-fold hoisting of the Union Jack on the afternoon of the 18th of September, 1759. The story is an old one, told and retold until it would seem that nothing could be added to the details. But now appears a new writer, an investigator of hitherto untouched sources of information, and in his hands the narrative of the "Fight for Canada" not only finds wide revision, but is imbued with a meaning unnoticed or lightly regarded by previous historians. To Major Wood the capture of Quebec must be deemed a naval rather than an army achievement; to him it affords a striking object-lesson in the importance to America of a strong navy. "Even the established authority of Captain Mahan," he complains, "has not gained general currency enough as yet to make the absolute dependence of America on sea power perfectly and indisputably clear to the American and Canadian public." To assist in making it clear is one of the prime purposes of his work.

Almost at the outset Major Wood begins the elaboration of his "sea power" contention, which, interwoven through the thread of his entire narrative, is especially in evidence in the preliminary chapters. Here he brings out clearly that what is known to American students as the French and Indian and to English as the Seven Years' War was but a phase of a great imperial conflict to determine the supremacy of France or of England, and including the whole series of wars from the accession of William III. to Waterloo. Of these wars he holds that the Seven Years' struggle was "the most distinctly imperial," and that "the very

[1] *The Fight for Canada.* By William Wood. Archibald, Constable & Co., Westminster, London, England.

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heart of it lay in the fight for Canada." Having shown, with little difficulty, that sea power was the decisive factor in this particular test of strength, he turns to the depictment of the part since played by sea power in affecting the fortunes both of Canada and the United States. With Dr. Emil Reich in his recent "The Foundations of Modern Europe," he lays stress on the concentration of the squadrons of De Grasse and De Barras as impelling the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown, and bringing our war for independence to a successful termination; the Louisiana Purchase, he argues, was forced upon Napoleon "because it was an oversea possession, which could not be held against a superior navy;" the War of 1812 provides him with further evidence, as does the Civil War, which, as he remarks, is usually viewed as a gigantic struggle by land. From such instances he draws the final conclusion: "Whichever way we turn, the very nature of things compels us to recognize Sea Power as the one unvarying and decisive determinant of every empire in the two Americas. We have plenty of historical examples to teach us the value of this overwhelming influence of Sea Power; from 1588, when the victorious Elizabethen seamen got their first glimpse of Western dominion, down to 1898, when Cervera's squadron was annihilated at Santiago—three whole centuries of naval history. But, unfortunately, with the exception of a few specialists, writers never try to learn this lesson themselves, still less do they succeed in bringing it home to their readers. American history is always eloquent of Sea Power, but American historians are not."

Scrutinizing his chief concrete example, the fall of Quebec, he finds the same reticence regarding the share of the navy in the British victory. Carefully and convincingly he marshals facts and figures to prove that the whole strategy of the Quebec expedition depended on the navy. "All the principal maneuvers on the spot were carried out by the help of the transports and men-of-war. . . . The admiral chosen to command was one of the most distinguished men in the service, even in those great days. . . . The most striking fact of all is that, whilst the British navy was then the strongest fighting force in the world, its Quebec squadron formed a quarter of its authorized establishment." Thus Wolfe's army must hereafter be regarded as a famous "landing-party." But this does not mean that Major Wood would detract from the glory of Wolfe and the gallant soldiers who scaled the Heights that memorable September night. The sum total of this historian's investigations is rather to increase Wolfe's fame. The theory that "luck" was responsible for the issue of the joint expedition is scouted, while the writer is insistent that the whole plan originated with the youthful commander, submitting a goodly array of official references to support this view. The battle itself is described with remarkable clearness and a wealth of detail drawn from the "composite diary," rendered available through the indefatigable researches of the Quebec historian A. G. Doughty, whose monumental collection of documents, letters, and state papers bearing upon the subject is now in process of publication. As was said above, Major Wood's account differs widely from that of other historians; how widely may best be gathered from his criticisms of no less an authority than Parkman:

> Those who may like to satisfy themselves that the story of the fall of Quebec never has been, nor ever could have been, told in full detail before, can do so even now, if they will take any well-known book—Parkman's, for instance—and compare it with the documents now first brought to light. For nothing is easier than to prove that the best of accepted authorities have erred greatly both in details and general deductions. They could not of course do otherwise with the very imperfect materials at their disposal. And in such a case as that of Parkman one is rather struck by what is done so well than by what had to be done so badly from lack of means. Parkman's reputation, indeed, should be actually heightened by the new discoveries; for he shows a real power of historical divination in having found the true point towards which the evidence tended, in several places where his incomplete documents did not contain the point itself.

All the same, his account of the battle proves to be quite untrustworthy. It is so hazy about the crucial question of Wolfe's initiative in planning the victory that the reader cannot tell where Wolfe's scheme

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began and that of the brigadiers ended. It is inclined to be entirely wrong about Stobo. It fails to explain the movements of the regiment of Guienne before the day of the battle, though they were of such importance that they made all the difference between victory and defeat. And it gives the tactical details in such blurred outline that it is quite impossible properly to appreciate the military situation at all. Moreover, it gives the story of Gray's Elegy, which may well be true, but is not yet proved; and it finds a place in the text for the spurious sentimental letter which Montcalm is always supposed to have written to Townshend after the battle, though it ignores the real one which he dictated to his aide-de-camp. Picking holes in Parkman's noble book is distasteful work. But it must be clearly pointed out that he can no longer be accepted as a standard authority on the Quebec campaign.

Major Wood's story of the siege, battle, and capitulation is preceded not only by the analysis of the influence of sea power and a sketch of the "great imperial war" as a whole, but also by a remarkable variety of introductory material ranging from studies of the notable figures of the struggle to comments on the evolution of naval architecture. The writer's admiration for Pitt, Anson, Saunders, Wolfe, and Montcalm is as whole-hearted as is his denunciation of Vaudreuil, Bigot, and Cadet, the trio upon whom he foists the entire responsibility for the loss of New France. By them Montcalm was thwarted and hampered at every move; by them, and more especially by Bigot, the colony was stripped of its resources. Never have the infamous Intendant and the pliant Governor appeared in a more unfavorable light than in these pages; seldom has Montcalm been drawn more persuasively as the greatest Frenchman who ever put foot on the shores of Canada. One is almost tempted to add that Major Wood's Montcalm outshines his Wolfe; certain it is that he pays full tribute to the memory of both. Of a particular interest to readers on this side of the border are the references to the American Rangers with the joint expedition. A highly unflattering opinion quoted from Wolfe is admitted to be unjust, but Major Wood's own estimate cannot be called generous.

His method of presentation and his style are alike good, the distinguishing characteristic of the latter being a military precision and directness tempered by an epigrammatic flavor. In discussing, as an expert, technical matters, he succeeds to an astonishing degree in making the most complicated theme clear to the non-technical reader. A disposition to brand his work as "iconoclastic" is observable in certain quarters, this being due largely to his questioning the validity of the evidence for the beautiful elegy tradition; to us an iconoclasm which consists in an evident desire to separate truth from error is an iconoclasm that cannot be too assiduously cultivated.

Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price, with postage added when the price is marked "net."

Abraham Lincoln: A True Life. By James Baldwin. Illustrated. The American Book Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 288 pages.

The story of Lincoln's life told for boys with animation and force.

Ants and Some Other Insects. By Dr. Augustus Forel. Translated from the German by Prof. William Morton Wheeler. Religion of Science Library. The Open Court Publishing Co., Chicago. 6×9¼ in. 49 pages. 50c.

Blue Grass Cook Book (The). Compiled by Minnie C. Fox. Illustrated. Fox, Duffield & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 350 pages. $1.50, net.

This volume has attractive features which do not usually belong to books of its class. In the first place, its title suggests easy command of all the resources of good cooking; in the next place, it is seductively illustrated by pictures of colored cooks; and in the third place, it contains a characteristic introduction by Mr. John Fox, Jr., who, writing at Tokyo, recalls with evident delight the odor and flavor of the Blue Grass kitchen and the skill of the Blue Grass cook.

Century of Drink Reform in the United States (A). By August F. Fehlandt. Eaton & Mains, New York. 5×8 in. 410 pages. $1.50.

A book written from the point of view of a fervent prohibitionist with reference to the present political campaign is necessarily a special plea. The movement on behalf of temperance is traced from the time of Dr. Rush, when a temperance society punished

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an offending member by compelling him "to treat all around" to the rise of the Anti-Saloon League. The ideal presented is National Prohibition.

Christian Science: Is it Christian? Is it Scientific? By Mary Platt Parmele. J. F. Taylor & Co., New York. 4½×4¼ in. 80 pages. 75c., net.

This is one of the best critiques of "Christian Science" that we have seen, just, concise, and clear, crediting the cult with the truth it has borrowed from the common store, and convicting it of its fallacy and imposture. In contrast with the subject under criticism, this little book is both rational and Christian.

Colloquies of Edward Osborn (The), Citizen and Clothworker of London. By the Author of "Mary Powell," etc. Illustrated by John Jellicoe. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5×8 in. 280 pages. $1.50.

Told in the first person, this narrative has all the quaintness of an early English book as to capitalization and archaic phrases, but this quaintness has not been pushed to the point of making the tale hard to read. It tells of an English country lad who comes to London with his mother in the days of the great Elizabeth, does the Queen good service in the Wyatt rebellion, and succeeds both in love and in civic honor. We find the book agreeable if not important.

Constructive and Remedial Properties of Food: A Treatise upon the Natural Way of Living. The American Press Co., Boston. 5×8 in. 211 pages.

Creevey Papers (The): A Selection from the Correspondence and Diaries of the Late Thomas Creevey, M.P. Edited by the Right Hon. Sir Herbert Maxwell, Bart., M.P., LL.D., F.R.S. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 713 pages. $4, net.

The very great popularity of these entertaining though often cynical memoirs, first published last fall, has led to the putting forth of this new one-volume edition, which is clearly printed and will seem to many even preferable to the larger form.

Dictionary of the Bible (A). Edited by James Hastings, M.A., D.D., with the Assistance of John A. Selbie, M.A., D.D. Extra volume containing Articles, Indexes, and Maps. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 7½×11 in. 936 pages.

Of the dictionary as a whole The Outlook has given its estimate. Briefly, it is that the work presents in scholarly fashion, not the most extreme theories, but the well-established conclusions of modern scholarship. This additional volume contains articles on certain subjects which are Biblical in the sense of being indirectly connected with the Bible. Thus the doctrine of the Trinity is traced from the rabbinical teachings antedating the New Testament. These articles, though not alphabetically arranged, are specially indexed. An index to the whole dictionary concludes the volume.

Emile Zola, Novelist and Reformer: An Account of His Life and Work. By Ernest Alfred Vizetelly. Illustrated. John Lane, New York. 5½×8¾ in. 560 pages. $3.50, net.

Almost as much an elaborate piece of special pleading as a biography of the late Émile Zola. Mr. Vizetelly is at great pains to prove that, if Zola's life were not blameless, he is in no way deserving of reprobation so far as his works are concerned. A long acquaintance with the novelist as friend and translator, and with the Paris of which Zola wrote, equips him to treat with peculiar knowledge the novelist's career; but he would be far more convincing did he refrain from invidious and wholly unnecessary comparisons, personalities in anything but good taste, and an unpleasantly Zolaesque insistence upon calling a spade a spade. Always he puts his hero, and incidentally himself, on the defensive, and, together with a constant note of defiance, we mark an absence of the philosophical temperament so necessary to arrive at a just estimate of personality, especially of the personality of such a man as Zola. This defect may largely be attributed to an instinctive desire to square accounts with those whom the writer deems the enemies not only of Zola, but of the Vizetellys, whose troubles, by reason of their connection with the appearance of Zola's works in England, here find a prominent place. In a critical biography, however, there is no room for prejudice, and, if only for this reason, the work before us must be accounted a distinct disappointment as a critical biography. There is no gainsaying the fact that it is intensely readable. The main and minor incidents of Zola's life are graphically presented, clear-cut if highly colored pen-portraits of many of his notable contemporaries enliven the pages, and there is much entertaining information of the literary gossip type. An especially interesting section is Mr. Vizetelly's exposition of Zola's share in the Dreyfus case.

Elementary Grammar. By William H. Maxwell, M.A., LL.D. The American Book Co., N. Y 5×7½ in. 208 pages.

Elements of English Grammar (The). By W. F. Webster, Assisted by Alice Woodworth Cooley. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 5×7¾ in. 223 pages.

First New York (Lincoln) Cavalry (The). From April 19, 1861, to July 7, 1865. By William H. Beach, A.M. Illustrated. The Lincoln Cavalry Association, New York. 6×9¼ in. 579 pages.

This body was the first volunteer cavalry organization enrolled in the Civil War, and its record included participation in many of the hottest campaigns, including that of Gettysburg. The book is not only of intense interest to surviving members, for whom it is primarily intended, but throws not a little light on the war at large, besides containing scores of picturesque incidents and stories of personal experiences. The volume is fully illustrated.

Gateway Series of English Texts (The). General Editor, Henry van Dyke. **Shakespeare's Macbeth. Milton's Minor Poems. Addison's Sir Roger De Coverley Papers. Coleridge's The Ancient Mariner. Tennyson's Idylls of the King.** The American Book Co., New York 4×6½ in.

The purpose of this series of text-books, as explained in the preface by the editor of the

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series, Dr. van Dyke, is "to give the English texts required for entrance to college, in a form which shall make them clear, interesting, and helpful to those who are beginning the study of literature; and, second, to supply the knowledge which the student needs to pass the entrance examination." The books are made in an extremely tasteful way, and the earlier volumes show excellent judgment in the selection of editors; for, with one or two exceptions, they are not overloaded with critical apparatus. The introductions address themselves to boys and girls in high schools in a way to command their attention and to awaken their interest in the text, and the notes are of the right sort; that is to say, they are not burdensome in bulk nor too scholarly in statement. Professor Woodberry's treatment of Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner" is in its way a model of good editing.

Hebrew Union College Annual. Published by the Students of the Union Hebrew College, Cincinnati, Ohio. 6×9½ in. 479 pages. $2.

Historical and Biographical Narratives. By Isabel R. Wallach. Illustrated. (Eclectic School Readings.) The American Book Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 160 pages.

Kant and Spencer: A Study of the Fallacies of Agnosticism. By Dr. Paul Carus. (The Religion of Science Library.) The Open Court Publishing Co., Chicago. 5×7½ in. 107 pages. 20c.

Last Hope (The). By Henry Seton Merriman. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5×7½ in. 443 pages. $1.50.

This posthumous romance has intense interest, and again proves that Mr. Scott had in a pre-eminent measure that power of fastening and holding the reader's attention which is quite indefinable and marks the born story-teller. The tale moves from England to France, and its time is the restless period when Louis Napoleon was Prince President, the action ending (or nearly so) with his "coup d'état." The belief of many that the son of Louis XVI. did not die in prison, but was smuggled out to England or America, has been a fertile subject for romancers. Here "The Last Hope" is figuratively a real or supposed grandson of Louis XVI.—he is not at all sure himself of the justice of his claim, while it is also the name of the English fishing-smack on which Loo Barebone (Louis Bourbon) serves as a common sailor. The situation is admirably built up, and the minor characters are sharply defined. We shall comment further on this book in a review of the important fiction of the season.

Letters which Never Reached Him (The). E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5×8 in. 302 pages. $1.50.

As explained in an Epilogue—and it would have been much better to have put it in a Prologue—these letters were written by the widowed sister of the editor to a friend who never received them because he was shut up in Peking, where he fell a victim of Chinese bullets. There is a suggestion of a sadly romantic story here, and the letters themselves have some singular reflections of life and character-study in China, where the writer had evidently been long resident before her return to America, whence the letters were written.

Life and Times of Thomas Smith, 1745-1809 (The). By Burton Alva Konkle. Illustrated. Campion & Co., Philadelphia. 6×10 in. 303 pages. $4, net.

This volume will hardly attract the general reader, but nevertheless it contains much instructive matter relating to early American political life. Smith was a member of the Continental Congress from Pennsylvania, was a great lawyer, and was at one time Washington's attorney. He had to do with many important matters and was in the confidence of many great figures in American history.

"Loves of Edwy (The)." By Rose Cecil O'Neill. Illustrated. The Lothrop Publishing Co., Boston. 5×7¾ in. 432 pages. $1.50.

Machiavelli and the Modern State. By Louis Dyer, M.A. Ginn & Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 163 pages. $1.10.

This is a scholarly plea in behalf of the famous Florentine under-secretary, Mr. Dyer's thesis being that great injustice has been done through the study of Machiavelli's works as disconnected productions, and that the student has been led further astray by disregarding the fact that, in framing his science of state, Machiavelli was unconsciously influenced by contemporary events and by the leading actors in the political drama of his day. His claim to greatness, in this writer's opinon, rests upon his ability to gauge the needs of the times and upon the fact that "he was the first in our modern world to think clearly, convincingly, and fearlessly about the constitutional part which a law-abiding people should play in a well-ordered State." His limitations are largely ascribed to his dependence upon concrete images, a dependence which led him to draw his "Prince" from Cæsar Borgia and his picture of the ancient Roman State from contemporary Switzerland. The argument may not leave one altogether convinced, but there can be no doubt of the stimulating character of Mr. Dyer's work, which is well worthy of careful perusal.

Master's Questions to His Disciples (The). By Rev. G. H. Knight. A. C. Armstrong & Son, New York. 5×8 in. 367 pages.

Fifty-two short chapters, each on a question put by Jesus to his disciples, are here treated in a practical manner for devotional use. There is so large a variety in the subjects treated as to cover a very wide range of religious experience, and a correspondingly large reference to the Bible for light upon the daily path. The print is larger and more convenient than is common in books of this kind.

Misrepresentative Men. By Harry Graham ("Col. D. Streamer"). Illustrated. Fox, Duffield & Co., New York. 5½×7 in. 88 pages. $1.

Clever nonsense verse in which Roosevelt, Nero, Sir Thomas Lipton, Ananias, and other worthies are not ill-naturedly caricatured. There are pictures.

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Nature of the State (The). By Dr. Paul Carus. (Religion of Science Library.) The Open Court Publishing Co., Chicago. 5×7¾ in. 56 pages. 15c.

Nature Study with Common Things: An Elementary Laboratory Manual. By M. H. Carter. Illustrated. The American Book Co., New York. 6×7¾ in. 150 pages.

Rena's Experiment. By Mary J. Holmes. G. W. Dillingham Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 310 pages. $1.

St. Paul's Conceptions of the Last Things. By Rev. H. A. A. Kennedy, M.A. A. C. Armstrong & Son, New York. 5½×8½ in. 310 pages.

In this volume a careful, competent, and conservative scholar makes a solid contribution to the apparatus of exegetical theology. But he protests against the idea that a fervid missionary, writing to his converts as exigencies required, set himself to any systematic theological construction. No coherent system of eschatology can be extracted from St. Paul's letters. Traditional conceptions lie there beside reaches of new creative thought which supply modern minds with material for sublime speculations. Except in a literal and pedantic treatment of his language, Dr. Kennedy sees no ground for believing that St. Paul advanced from less to more spiritual conceptions of the resurrection, though it appears that "he begins to feel a certain inadequacy" in his traditional ideas of it. But questions that have figured largely in theological systems, such as the intermediate state and the general resurrection, lie quite outside of his horizon, while in the direction of his thought to the future blessedness of the righteous he has little to say of the destiny of others. But Dr. Kennedy finds no ground in the Apostle's statements for that theory of universal restoration which has been buttressed by certain texts, and concedes nothing to those scholars who hold that *aionios* does not imply the endlessness of evil. This, however, is a subject on which an ethical conviction must be reached through other than merely exegetical processes. The foot-notes of this volume give interesting glimpses of comparative eschatology, but its frequent Greek quotations are less attractive to the general reader.

Seeker (The). By Harry Leon Wilson. Illustrated. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. 5×8 in. 341 pages. $1.50, net.

Somewhere toward the end of this story, the brilliant young skeptic whose cocksure diatribes against revealed religion make up most of the book calls himself an ass for having taken twenty minutes off, as it were, to convince a venerable, fine-hearted old minister that his Christian belief of half a century was a sham. This seems to us the most sensible remark in the book. The young man's views are put in an aggressive and dictatorial tone, and even when one agrees with him in some particular point, one always feels that the author is wielding a rhetorical lash against the atrociousness of orthodox belief rather than putting his views quietly and forcibly. In short, the book is ineffective because it has no reserve power. "John Ward, Preacher," dealing to a large extent with the same subject, was vastly more artistic and better written. The substance of this book is in the main the substance of Robert Ingersoll's lectures, and, like them, it assumes that a caricature of the Calvinism of Jonathan Edwards fairly represents the average religious belief to-day. It is only fair to add that in the last chapters there is a misty and confused attempt to present more modern views in the reports of the talk of an undenominational club of ministers—but the young man aforesaid breaks in upon them and deluges them—and the reader—with an irrepressible torrent of argument, reducing them all but to speechlessness. As a novel the book is, naturally, of no value. There have been successful novels in which theology was a large factor, but this is an anti-theological treatise in which fiction is lugged in by the ears. Mr. Wilson's former novels have shown distinct power in some directions, but not always a sense of proportion or restraint in writing; all in all, they have deserved and received a wide reading. "The Seeker" is clever in bits here and there, but as a whole it is wearisome.

Studies in English for Evening Schools. By William E. Chancellor. The American Book Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 112 pages.

Thirty Years in Madagascar. By Rev. T. T. Matthews. Illustrated. A. C. Armstrong & Son, New York. 5½×8½ in. 384 pages. $1.75.

Mr. Matthews's residence in Madagascar included the disastrous period of French aggression, resulting in the conquest of the island in 1895 after one of the most criminal wars in history, and in sanguinary disorder for some years subsequent. After the work of perfidy, in which Jesuits were conspicuous, was accomplished, a better day dawned upon the prostrate work of Christian missions, in which French Protestants have now allied themselves to British. An equally eventful period of earlier date comes into the horizon of this volume—the terrible quarter-century of persecution ending in 1861, in which the infant Church of Madagascar repeated the suffering and the victory of the Church of the early centuries. During the latter third of the last century there was no more hopeful missionary field than Madagascar. Now, while religious liberty exists, Mr. Matthews's testimony is that "French civilization is more adverse to the progress of mission work, evangelical religion, and morality than some phases of heathenism."

White Shield (The). By Caroline Atwater Mason. Illustrated. The Griffith & Rowland Press, Philadelphia. 5½×8¼ in. 160 pages.

A romance of the early Christian Church. The *Acta Pauli et Theklæ* dates, the author thinks, from A.D. 130, and amplifies a much earlier legend. It tells of events in Apostolic times, is concerned with noble and beautiful characters, and, as here retold, gives an interesting view of the introduction of Christianity into Asia Minor.

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Correspondence

Letters addressed to the Editors of The Outlook, to receive any attention whatever, must in all cases be accompanied by the name and address of the writer. Names will not be published if a request to that effect is made by the writer, but no attention, either personal or editorial, can be paid to anonymous communications.

What is Religion?

I.—A THEORETICAL QUESTION

To the Editors of The Outlook:

In your recent editorial, "What is Religion?" you reply to the questions of a troubled correspondent as to what is the essence of religion. After defining religion as "knowing God," and stating your conception of the Bible and of prayer, you set forth your conception of Jesus Christ as our supreme religious teacher, and of his life as "the divine life." Your conclusion is: "Interpreting faith in the divinity of Christ in the terms of experience, we mean that he is the supreme object of our reverence and affections, that we can conceive of no one who deserves a profounder reverence, a more consecrating love;" and again, "Above all, to take the life of Christ as the pattern, the character of Christ as the expression, and the person of Christ as the object of their worshipful adoration and affection." This is the best way to "the life which is inspired by seeking after God, and by personal acquaintance with him."

Here we seem to have a type of Christian mysticism. Since the genesis of religion, man has worshiped himself, either in the form of another man or in the form of an anthropomorphic conception of God. The writer of this editorial seems to regard Christ as the embodiment of divinity, for his life is "the divine life," and he is the supreme object of our "reverence" and of our "worshipful adoration and affection."

As a constant reader of The Outlook I must express my appreciation of its endeavor to be in harmony with the latest work in all realms of thought. But has it done so in this editorial? The modern conception of God is that he is the spiritual element which is the basis of all being. Nature, of which we are a part, is, as Carlyle says, "the time-vesture of God." It is the phenomenal aspect of that reality, the sum-total of which we call God. Human history is an infinitesimally small part of nature. Christ is the greatest figure in human history, but does this make him God, or equal to God, or divine in some unique way, and his life "the divine life"? Can a part be equal to the whole? Can men afford to worship a Christ when they may worship God?

Your correspondent says, "I do not understand what you say about Christ. 'God has entered into the world, filled one human life full of himself,' etc. Do you mean that Christ was simply a good man inspired by God, but not equal with him and not having had any pre-existence? Who was Christ and what do we know about him?" It seems to me that some of this uncertainty has arisen in the mind of this correspondent, as well as in the minds of many other readers of The Outlook, because of your unfortunate use of the word "divine." If you are to attach this term to any part of God, then we also are divine, for we, as well as Christ, are a part of God. And not only we, but the beasts and the plants are divine, and the divine life is common to all. But ought we not rather to restrict the use of this word to God and to those eternal and infinite attributes which belong to God alone? In either case Christ becomes our fellow-being, unique only as all great men are unique. But if you still insist that Christ possesses this peculiar divinity which we do not share, then you are not in harmony with the modern conception of God, and it is incumbent upon you to set forth and defend a conception of God which will make it possible to ascribe to Christ this unique character.

Your correspondent, speaking in general of the religious preaching and teaching of to-day, says, "I am sick of platitudes, evasions, and glittering generalities." Many others feel likewise, and it surely is time for The Outlook as a leader of religious thought to answer definitely this question, which is of great practical importance to so many, as to whether Christ is God, or equal to God, or divine in some way different from us, or, on the contrary, the greatest of men.

CRITIC.

II.—A PRACTICAL REPLY

To the Editors of The Outlook:

The correspondent who longs for direct answers to his questions on religion has my deepest sympathy. Perhaps my own experience may be helpful to him.

For years I was unhappy in my inability to understand and to believe the doctrines taught by the Church. I asked questions which were never answered satisfactorily, until I came to consider our religion as a doctrine upheld because its teachers considered it necessary to men, not because they honestly believed it to be true.

I have been learning in the last two years that I must answer these questions for myself, not so much by my reason as by my own personal experience. A dear friend and teacher gave me my first help by telling me, as the editorial tells our correspondent, that religion consists in knowing God and in having Christ as a personal friend. It is not necessary that we understand all about Christ's origin and his nature before we know him. We make the acquaintance of

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a certain person. That acquaintance may ripen into the closest friendship before we know anything about our friend's family or his conditions in life. So I believe it is with our religion. We read the New Testament and we may believe that Christ is actually God living in this world, or we may believe that he is a man through whom God is speaking. We cannot fail to believe that God revealed himself to us through Christ, that Christ is the "word" of God.

When my friend told me that I might accept Christ just as he seemed to me, that I might have him for a friend and guide without understanding or necessarily accepting the Church's doctrine concerning him, it made the way clear for me. I allowed the questions to wait for their answers. I have endeavored to place myself in the attitude of a learner—a mere beginner—at the feet of Christ, and I am satisfied, knowing that in time my questions will all be answered. And for my creed I take the one given by my friend—"Christ and I are friends." It opens up a whole new world of peace and beauty and joy. I wish that our correspondent might find the same help that I have found in these teachings. H.

[The second of these letters furnishes a practical reply to the first. "It is not necessary that we understand all about Christ's origin and his nature before we know him." We may add that it is not necessary to define his metaphysical relation to the Infinite and the Eternal to believe that in him is furnished the supreme manifestation of the Infinite and Eternal. If "Critic" wants a further answer to his question, he may find a clue which, if he follows it, will perhaps give him that answer, in the saying of Dorner, that "the unity of essence in God and man is the great discovery of the present age."—THE EDITORS.]

The Closed Shop

To the Editors of The Outlook:

In The Outlook for July 16 there is an article on "The Open Shop." I would like to hear more on the following arguments which you give in favor of the "closed shop:"

"Workingmen have a right to choose *with* whom they shall work as well as *under* whom they shall work." Granting this, which certainly should be the case, the union man has a perfect right to seek employment elsewhere for this reason as well as for better wages or any other reason. And such being the case, why should the non-union man be removed by the closed shop? Do you consider the chances of a non-union workman being incompetent to fill a position very much greater than a union workman? There are certainly a great many incompetent union men. And if the non-union men *are* not as competent to fill a position, would the employer seek to supplant union men by non-union men, even though it be to more easily increase the hours or decrease the wages? Better hours, wages, and conditions may come without any help from the union, and if so should the non-union man be compelled (by the closed shop) to join (support) a union when he does not wish to do so? H. E. B.

[The laborer has a right to decide for himself whether his comrade is a workman with whom he is willing to work. We do not think the non-union man should be compelled to support a union when he does not wish to do so, and we explicitly expressed that opinion in the editorial on "The Open Shop."—THE EDITORS.]

A Generous Disclaimer

To the Editors of The Outlook:

A few weeks ago I saw a commendatory word in The Outlook giving me credit for the improvement of the camp-meeting through our Chautauqua Institution. It was really Mr. Lewis Miller who first suggested the idea of improving the camp-meeting. When I suggested to him the scheme of advanced Sunday-school and educational work, he proposed that it be held in the woods. I had always had such prejudice against the kind of camp-meetings I had attended that I at first rejected the idea. After a further consideration, I saw the opportunities of the movement and heartily accepted Mr. Miller's proposition. It was, therefore, his suggestion that the work proposed be carried into the woods. The normal work, the summer schools, and the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle, which were my part of the present Chautauqua scheme, could never have accomplished the large results we have realized but for the idea of the open air and the woods and Chautauqua Lake as the place of the experiment. The credit for the original suggestion of this is, therefore, due to Mr. Miller.

JOHN H. VINCENT.

College Presidents' Terms of Service

To the Editors of The Outlook:

I have just read with great interest Mr. Sullivan's article on President Eliot in The Outlook for August 6. I find there the following statement: "Only one other college President, the famous Mark Hopkins, of Williams, ever served so long." It is strange that Mr. Sullivan should have overlooked Dr. Nott, of Union, who certainly holds the record for length of service as President of an American college. I feel sure also that a search among the smaller colleges would lead to the discovery of other cases equal to that of President Eliot's.

I wish also to take this opportunity of saying that I do not believe that President Eliot's services to the cause of education have ever been excelled, perhaps not exceeded, by any other American.

O. B. SUPER.

Dickinson College, Carlisle, Pennsylvania.

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